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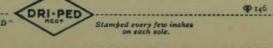
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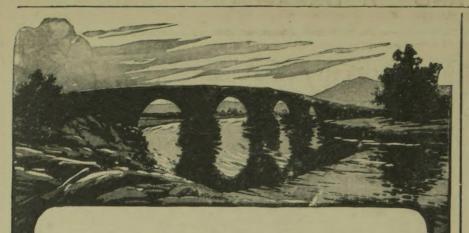
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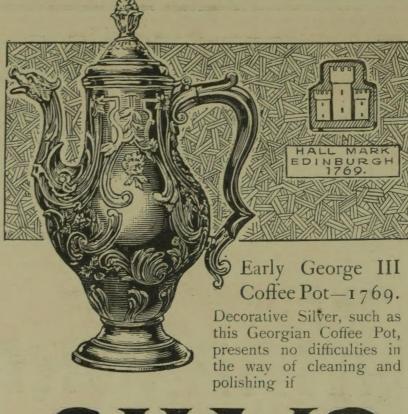
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Anzora Vanishing Cream

Ladies will find it very refreshing



THE CHIEF TO EAST-SHOW IN THE CHIEF RINGS AND TO CHIEF THE CHIEF T

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1923.

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FALLEN FROM POWER AFTER NINE MONTHS: DR. CUNO, THE GERMAN EX-CHANCELLOR, ARRIVING AT THE REICHSTAG.

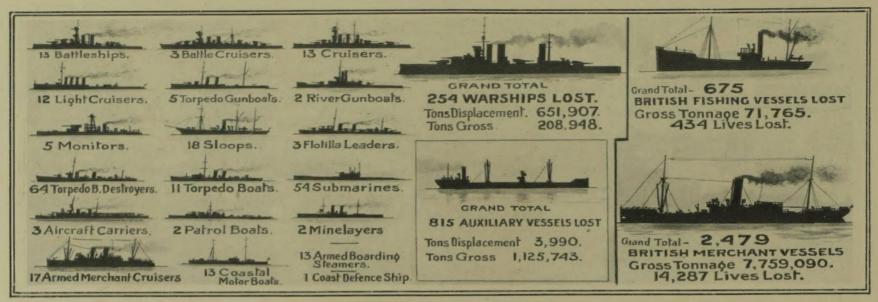
Dr. Cuno, who became Chancellor last November, resigned with his Cabinet on August 12. At the time of his appointment, at the age of forty-seven, he was President of the Hamburg-Amerika Shipping Line, and he was the first German to leave a business office for the Chancellorship. By training he is a Prussian official, and before the war he had attained a high position in the Prussian Ministry of Finance. During the war he came into prominence as an economist, was appointed head of the Grain Board, and took part in organising the Ministry

of Food. In 1916 he was attached to the Treasury as chief expert on economic questions connected with the war. In 1917 he left the Government service to join the Board of the Hamburg-Amerika Line, and succeeded Herr Ballin as its President shortly after the latter's death. Under his control, the company after the war enjoyed a remarkable revival of activity. Its services to America, Africa, and the Far East, as well as the Baltic and the Levant, were quickly reestablished, and many new vessels have been added to the fleet.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILL POTTER, SUPPLIED. BY L.N.A.

REPARATIONS: BRITAIN'S MATERIAL DAMAGE AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

DIAGRAM BY W. B. ROBINSON. DRAWINGS BY STEPHEN SPURRIER, R.O.I., AND A. C. MICHAEL.



"SUNK SHIPS AND CARGOES ROTTING AT THE BOTTOM OF CAUSED BY

BRITAIN'S SUNK SHIPS.

"THE Belgian proposal to grant a special priority for the restoration of devastated areas seems to rest on a somewhat artificial distinction as regards damages inflicted by the enemy in the late war. It is a suggestion not merely that priority should be conceded to material damages over the cost of war pensions, but that one particular type of material damage—namely, damage by land—should be selected for priority, to the exclusion of other forms of material damage. Sunk ships and cargoes rotting at the bottom of the sea may not shock the eye like the ruined villages of France and Belgium. But they are equally material damage caused by German aggression, and represent equally heavy losses of national wealth."

Extract from the British Note of August XX to France and Belgium.



BRITAIN'S "DEVASTATED AREA": DISTRESS AMONG "BLACK COATS" — BREAKFAST IN THE HOME OF AN UNEMPLOYED CLERK.

THE SEA": THE BRITISH CLAIM FOR "MATERIAL DAMAGE GERMAN AGGRESSION."

BRITAIN'S UNEMPLOYMENT.

"HIS Majesty's Government cannot leave out of account the position of their own country. Apart from the heavy material damages suffered by Great Britain, his Majesty's Government are now involved in heavy payments to meet unemployment, in respect of which they have been compelled to spend over £400,000,000 since the Armistice. They alone among the Allies are paying interest on debts incurred abroad during the war, representing a capital sum due to the United States Government of £1,000,000,000 at the present rate of exchange. They alone have been deprived, in the Allied interest, of foreign securities estimated at from £700,000,000 to £800,000,000, which would otherwise substantially assist in the payment of the British debt to America."

Extract from the British Note of August 11 to France and Belgium.



BRITAIN'S "DEVASTATED AREA": OUR EQUIVALENT TO THE WAR-STRICKEN TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF FRANCE AND BELGIUM—AN UNEMPLOYED LABOURER'S RETURN HOME AFTER ANOTHER DAY'S VAIN SEARCH FOR WORK,

The diagram and drawings on this page illustrate and reinforce, in a way that needs no comment, the above extracts from the British Note of August 11 to France and Belgium on the subject of German reparations. The figures given in the diagram are taken from official White Papers issued by the Government. The British Note here cited forms part of the correspondence between the British and Allied Governments published by the British Government on August 13. The correspondence brings out very clearly the respective points of view regarding the French occupation of the Ruhr, and the alternative British proposal of an inquiry

into Germany's capacity to pay reparations. However opinion may differ as to the efficacy of the two methods of obtaining payment from Germany, there can be no question that the aspect of the matter here illustrated—that of British war losses—has been very cogently represented. It was stated on the 14th that the opposition to the French view, expressed in the British Note, had caused disappointment in Paris, and that there was little likelihood of a change in French policy. The above two drawings appeared in our issues of March 3 last and January 21, 1922, respectively.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

THE GERMAN CRISIS: THE NEW CHANCELLOR; AND OTHER PERSONALITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILL POTTER, SUPPLIED BY L.N.A.; P. AND A., AND ATLANTIC.





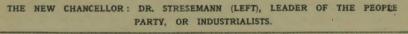


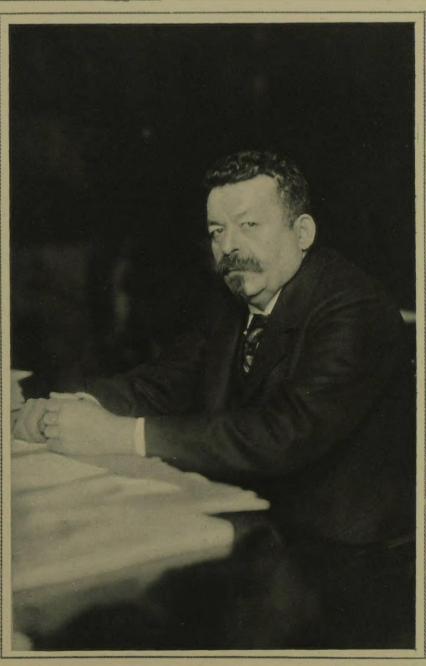
MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS IN THE LATE CUNO GOVERNMENT: DR. ROSENBERG.

A POWER BEHIND GERMAN POLITICS: HERR STINNES (ON THE LEFT) THE WELL-KNOWN COMMERCIAL MAGNATE.

MINISTER OF FINANCE IN THE LATE CUNO
ADMINISTRATION: DR. HERMES.







PRESIDENT OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC: HERR EBERT, WHO REQUESTED DR. STRESEMANN TO FORM A NEW CABINET.

The disastrous economic situation in Germany, involving shortage of food and an unparalleled fall in the value of the mark, recently caused the Social Democratic Party, on whose good-will the Cuno Cabinet depended, to pass a resolution of no confidence in the Government. On August 12, Dr. Cuno and his Ministers resigned, and President Ebert thereupon requested Dr. Stresemann, the leader of the People's Party, also known as Industrialists, to form a new administration. Dr. Stresemann undertook the task and set about arranging a Ministry on Coalition lines. A vigorous speech of his in a recent debate in the Reichstag is said to

have precipitated the change. He is reported to have expressed the opinion that "the strong personality creates the forms (of government) which it needs." In Berlin and elsewhere strikes, riots, and other violent incidents occurred, due to Communist agitation, and President Ebert found it necessary to issue a fresh ordinance against incitement to overthrow the Republic. As a result, the offices of a Communist paper, the "Rote Fahne," were occupied by the Security Police, and the bulk of an edition was confiscated. Dr. Stresemann has temporarily become Foreign Minister as well as Chancellor.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE denunciation of pleasure-seeking is rightly suspect, because it is itself so often the seeking of the very basest of pleasures. I mean, of course, the pleasure of being pained; I mean, the pleasure of being shocked, the pleasure of being censorions—in a word, the pleasure of scandal. But there are criticisms of modern pleasure-seeking which are not merely the scandal-mongering of old women, which is a permanent temptation to men as they grow old. There are criticisms that rest on reasonable and eternal prin-

ciples. And one of them, I think, is this—that so many modern pleasures aim at indiscriminate and incongruous combination. They are colours that kill each other; they are like the action of a musician who should try to express his universality by listening to five tunes at once.

For instance, it is not greedy to enjoy a good dinner, any more than it is greedy to enjoy a good But I do think concert. there is something greedy about expecting to enjoy the dinner and the concert at the same time. I say trying to enjoy them, for it is the mark of this sort of complex enjoyment that it is not enjoyed. The fashion of having very loud music during meals in restaurants and hotels seems to me a perfect example of this chaotic attempt to have everything at once and do everything at once. Eating and drinking and talking have gone together by a tradition as old as

the world; but the entrance of this fourth factor only spoils the other three. It is an ingenious scheme for combining music to which nobody will listen with conversation that nobody can hear. Recall some of the great conversations of history and literature; imagine some of the great and graceful impromptus, some of the spontaneous epigrams of the wits of the past; and then imagine each of them shouted through the deafening uproar of a brass band. It seems to me an intolerable insult to a musical artist that people should treat his art as an adjunct to a refined gluttony. It seems a yet more subtle insult to the musician that people should require to be fortified with food and drink at intervals, to strengthen them to endure his music. I say nothing of the deeper and darker insult to that other artist, the cook, in the suggestion that men require to be inspired and rallied with drums and trumpets to attack the dangers of his dinner, as if it were a fortress bristling with engines of death. But in any case it is the combination of the two pleasures that is unpleasant. When people are listening to a good concert they do not ostentatiously produce large pork-pies and bottles of beer to enable them to get through it somehow. And if they do not bring their meals to their music, why should they bring their music to their meals?

I have noticed many other examples of this kind of luxury in the wrong place. I mean, the elaboration of enjoyments in such a way that they cannot be enjoyed. A little while ago I happened to be dining in the train; and I am very fond of dining in the train—or, indeed, anywhere else. I know that people sometimes write to the papers, or even make scenes in the railwaycarriage, complaining of the railway dinner service: but my complaint is quite different-and, indeed, quite contrary. I do not complain of the dinner because it was too bad, but because it was too good. The pleasure of eating in trains is akin to the pleasure of picnics, and should have a character adapted to its abnormal and almost adventurous conditions. This dinner was what is called a good dinner—that is, it was about twice as long as any normal person would want in his own home, and a great deal longer than he would want even in an ordinary restaurant. The train was also what is called a good train-that is, it was a train that swayed wildly from side to side in hurtling through England like a thunderbolt. Nobody who really wanted to enjoy a long and luxurious dinner would dream of sitting down to it under those conditions. Nobody would desire the restaurant tables to be shot round and round the restaurant like a giddygo-round. Anybody would see in the abstract that it is foolish to attempt to possess simultaneously the advantage of luxury and leisure with the other advantage of speed. It is merely paying for a luxury and purchasing an inconvenience. Add to this the



THE DUKE OF YORK AS A SOCIAL WELFARE LEADER: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS CHEERED BY THE BOYS AT HIS HOLIDAY CAMP.

This summer, for the third time, the Duke of York entertained 400 boys (200 from public schools and 200 from industrial life) at a holiday camp at New Romney. On August 8, the Duke and Duchess visited the camp and received a tremendous welcome. In our illustration they are seen leaving their places after a photograph had been taken.—[Photograph by Personality Photo Press.]

fact that, though the dinner was long, the time given for it was short. For there were other eager epicures waiting to be flung against windows while balancing asparagus or dissecting sar-

dines. Other happy gourmets were to have the opportunity of spilling their soup and upsetting their coffee on that careering vehicle. Everybody concerned in that trainload of banqueters was in as much of a hurry as the train.

As a fact, these combinations are simply conventions. It is not that anybody, left to his own intelligence, would prefer to enjoy a concert in a restaurant, or a dinner in a railway-carriage. It is that some rather vulgar people do not think a restaurant is conventionally complete without a programme of music, or a dinner without a catalogue of courses. These conventions are in their result quite cold and uncomfortable. They entirely neg lect the art of pleasureseeking, in the only intelligent sense of seeking pleasure where it is to be found. It is generally to be found much more in isolation, in distinction, and

even in contrast. There was some Oriental sage or other who said, "If you have two pence, buy with one a loaf and the other a flower." I would myself venture to substitute for the flower a cigar or a glass of wine, only that it would be rather ascetical to consume these things at the price. But I am sure it is a sound principle to have one luxury accompanied by plainer things, like a jewel in a simple setting. This is not identical—indeed, it is inconsistent—with

what is commonly called the Simple Life, which generally means a monotonous mediocrity of experience, without either luxury or austerity. The real pleasure-seeking is the combination of luxury and austerity in such a way that the luxury can really be felt. And any sort of crowding together of more or less contradictory pleasures, in contempt of this principle, is not so much pleasure-seeking as pleasure-spoiling. Those who allow the colours of enjoyment thus to kill each other can with strict propriety be called kill-joys.

There is another moral which I have more than once noted, though it is not generally understood. The sort of ceremony that the world complains of as antiquated and artificial is really much more fresh and simple than the ceremonies of the world. The old pageantry of heralds or priests was really more elementary, almost in the sense of elemental, than the pomps and vanities of the modern world; it was more elemental because it dealt more directly with elements. That sort of ritualism might almost be called a rule for keeping ritual simple. Left to itself, in our secular and social life, it becomes extravagantly complex. The old systems had much more sense of the necessity of doing one thing at a time. They had much more of the rational notion of knowing what they were doing.

Thus one of the old Parliaments or Church Councils might have many formalities; but there was nothing corresponding to the noisy band in the crowded restaurant. They did not bang drums and blow bassoons while they argued with their enemies as the others do while they talk to their friends. An ecclesiastical ceremony, like the assumption by a bishop of his mitre and pastoral staff, may seem to some elaborate or extravagant; but there is nothing in it comparable to the elaborate and extravagant city banquet served on an express train. The bishop seldom prides himself on putting on his mitre in a motor-car travelling at any number of miles an hour. What is the matter with the modern ceremonies is that they have not only become elaborate but become entangled. We have the complication of two complicated things caught and hooked in each other, like two gigantic clocks wrestling: Moreover, there is the further complication produced by rapid change combined with rigid discipline. The old customs were at least old enough to become second nature. But a fashion is always sufficiently new to be unnatural. We



PRINCESS MARY AS ROYAL VISITOR: A CIVIC WELCOME ON HER ARRIVAL IN GLASGOW.

Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles went to Glasgow on August 7, when the Princess received the freedom of the city. The Lord Provost (Sir Thomas Paxton) spoke of her interest in the well-being of the nation. She opened the extension of the City Chambers and visited two hospitals. Lord Lascelles was initiated to the Incorporation of Weavers in the Trades' House,—[Photograph by C.N.]

may think it a meaningless pomposity that a judge should assume a black cap or a cardinal be presented with a red hat. But the judge does not have to change his cap every season, and there is no necessity for the red hat to be a stylish hat. The combination between the rigidity and the rapidity of fashions leads to a mobilisation of an almost military type; and, compared with that, the things that were more old-fashioned were also more free.

PRESIDENT HARDING AND HIS SUCCESSOR: LONDON AND PARIS TRIBUTES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A., TOPICAL, AND C.N.



A VERY UNUSUAL TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT HARDING: THE AMERICAN FLAG ON WESTMINSTER ABBEY, AT HALF-MAST BESIDE THE UNION JACK—(ON RIGHT) THE STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



WITH THE LATE PRESIDENT'S INITIAL LETTER ON THE CURTAINS: THE DOOR OF THE AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN PARIS—THE CONGREGATION LEAVING AFTER THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND HIS FAMILY: (L. TO R.) MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE, JR., PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE, MR. JOHN C. COOLIDGE, THE PRESIDENT'S FATHER, WHO ADMINISTERED THE OATH OF OFFICE IN THE HOUSE BEFORE WHICH THE GROUP WAS TAKEN.

A beautiful Memorial Service for the late President Harding was held in Westminster Abbey on August 10, the day of his burial at his own home town of Marion, Ohio. There was a great assemblage in the Abbey, where the King was represented by the Duke of York. The Archbishop of Canterbury was present, and an eloquent address was delivered by Canon Carnegie. An overflow service for many hundreds of Americans for whom there was no room in the Abbey was held in St. Margaret's, Westminster. On the same day, Memorial Services were held in York Minster, where the Archbishop of York spoke, and in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh. In Paris many distinguished Americans attended a

Memorial Service at the American Episcopal Church of Holy Trinity, in the Avenue George V.—President Harding was succeeded, according to the provisions of the American Constitution, by the Vice-President, Mr. Calvin Coolidge, who holds office for the remainder of the term for which his predecessor was elected. The new President, whose character has caused him to be described as "a second Abraham Lincoln," was born in 1872, at Plymouth, Vermont, where our photograph was taken. He married, in 1905, Miss Grace Goodhue, a New England school-teacher. The group shows them with their two sons, and Mr. Coolidge's father. In 1919 Mr. Calvin Coolidge became Governor of Massachusetts.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: RECENT EVENTS AND OCCASIONS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., PHOTOTHEK (BERLIN), AEROFILMS, LTD., SPORT





CHINESE FUNERAL PAGEANTRY: THE BURIAL OF GENERAL CHENG ZE LING IN
PERIN-FORTY-EIGHT COOLIES BEARING THE GORGEOUS HEARSE.

CARRYING A PAPER EFFIGY OF A WOMAN TO BE BURNED AT THE GRAVE:
A PROFESSIONAL MOURNER AT THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL CHENG 2E LING.





THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES: THE ARCH-DRUID GIVING HIS OPENING
ADDRESS IN THE GORSEDD CIRCLE ON BALLEY HILL, MOLD.

PAINTED BY COMMUNISTS ON A FAMOUS ROADWAY IN BERLIN DURING THE NIGHT:
THE SYMBOL OF THE SOVIET IN THE FRIEDRICHSTRASSE,





THE FREE STATE ELECTION CAMPAIGN OPENED IN DUBLIN: PRESIDENT COSGRAVE
ADDRESSING A GREAT OPEN-AIR MEETING ON COLLEGE GREEN,

A GREAT DIAMOND INDUSTRY PROCESSION IN ANTWERP BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS: ONE OF THE FIFTEEN DECORATED CARS.

The first four of the above photographs show very interesting details of a public funeral on a large scale as it is conducted in China, and the curious customs associated therewith. The occasion was the burial at Pekin of a famous Chinese military leader, General Cheng Ze Ling.—The Welsh National Eisteddiod was declared open at Mold, on August 6, by Mr. Henry N. Cladstone, Lord Lieutenant of Flinitahire. Curious) enough, the last Eisteddiod held at Mold, exactly fifty years ago, was opened by his father, the great Liberal statesman. The Archdruid Cadfan delivered his inaugural address in the Gorsedd Circle on the 7th. With him were the Bishop of St. Davids, Sir Vineent Evans, the Rev. Eivet Lewis (the succeeding Archdruid) and Mr. A. P. Gwyddon, the Herald Bard.—One of the methods adopted by the Communists of Berlin to stir up discontent during the political crists was to paint the Soviet symbol at numerous points on

OF PUBLIC INTEREST RECORDED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

AND GENERAL, L.N.A., KEYSTONE VIEW Co., I.B., AND JAMES'S PRESS AGENCY.





PROFESSIONAL MOURNERS OF THE DEAD GENERAL, WHO CONTINUED THEIR LAMENTATIONS FOR HOURS: A CURIOUS ELEMENT IN CHINESE FUNERALS.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION FOR GENERAL CHENG ZE LING, A PROMINENT LEADER OF THE CHINESE ARMY: MOURNERS CARRYING THE SACRIFICES.

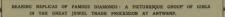




A CAUSE OF MANY GRIEVANCES AMONG WOULD-BE IMMIGRANTS TO THE UNITED STATES: ELLIS ISLAND—A GENERAL VIEW FROM THE AIR.

UNVEILED BY PRESIDENT COSGRAVE ON LEINSTER LAWN, DUBLIN: A TEMPORARY CENOTAPH IN MEMORY OF MICHAEL COLLINS AND ARTHUR GRIFFITH.







THE BRITISH COMMANDER IN CONSTANTINOPLE PAYS A CALL OF CONGRATULATION ON PEACE DAY: GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON LEAVING THE TURKISH HEADQUARTERS.

the roadway of the Friedrichstrasse.—The conditions at Ellis Island, in New York Harbour, where those in excess of the prescribed quota of immigrants are detained, have recently been the subject of much criticism.—The cenotaph in Dublin, shown above, bears medallion portraits of Michael Collins (left) and Arthur Criffith (right), to whose memory it was creected. President Cosgrave, who unveiled it, recently addressed a genome open-air election meeting on College Green.—The diamond merchants of Antwerp, whose industry has recovered its prosperity since the war, held a great jewel procession on August 12. It contained fifteen decorated cars, and is said to have cost nearly £40,000.—After peace with Turkey had been signed at Lausanne, General Sir Charles Harington, Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in Turkey, called at the Turkish Military Headquarters in Constantinopie, to offer his congratulations.

A "TWELFTH" THAT WAS A "THIRTEENTH": GROUSE-SHOOTING BEGUN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, AND C.N.



GROUSE-SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND, WITH DOGS: MEMBERS OF MR. H. G. LATILLA'S PARTY AT HIS OPENING GROUSE SHOOT OF THE SEASON ON LUDE MOOR, NEAR BLAIR ATHOLL, IN PERTHSHIRE-A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MOOR, SHOWING LAKE MORAIG IN THE BACKGROUND.





MARKING A BIRD: MISS E. LATILLA, WITH THE GROUSE-SHOOTING ON LUDE MOOR: LORD BETHELL, ONE OF THE POINTER DUCHESS, SHOOTING GROUSE ON LUDE GUNS OF MR. LATILLA'S PARTY, WITH THE POINTERS, DUCHESS AND YORK.



WITH HIS FAVOURITE RETRIEVER, ROVER: MR. H. G. LATILLA, AT HIS OPENING GROUSE SHOOT.



INCLUDING MR. AND MRS. H. G. LATILLA, THE MISSES LATILLA, LORD BETHELL, SIR HERBERT HAMBLING, AND COMMANDER BURNEY: MR. LATILLA'S PARTY.

As the "Twelfth" fell on a Sunday this year, the opening of the grouse-shooting season took place on Monday, August 13. All through the previous week there was a great exodus of sportsmen from London to the North, and on the 10th the 'traffic reached its height. From Euston alone, seven trains were run to Scotland that night, instead of the usual one, and each contained 150 passengers. It was reported just before the season began that in the greater part of the



GROUSE-DRIVING IN YORKSHIRE: MR. J. K. FOSTER IN THE BUTTS AT THE OPENING DRIVE OF THE SEASON ON HIS ESTATE AT EGTON, CLEVELAND.

Highlands the grouse prospects were not very good, owing to the snowstorm of the second week in May, and the long continuance of subsequent bad weather, which adversely affected the breeding of the birds. There are two methods of killing grouse: shooting them over dogs, which is the system usually followed in Scotland; or driving them to the guns, nowadays the general practice in England. We illustrate here typical examples of both on the opening day of the season.

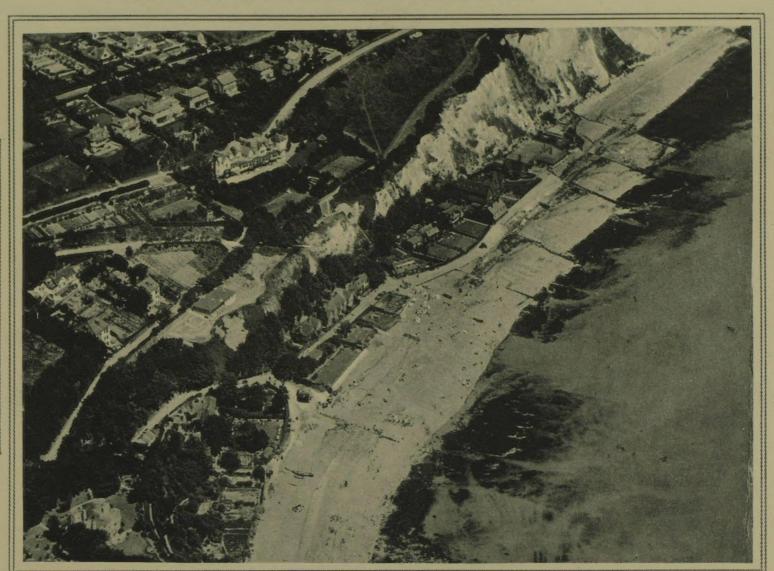
THE SEASIDE FROM THE AIR: ST. MARGARET'S; WALMER CASTLE.

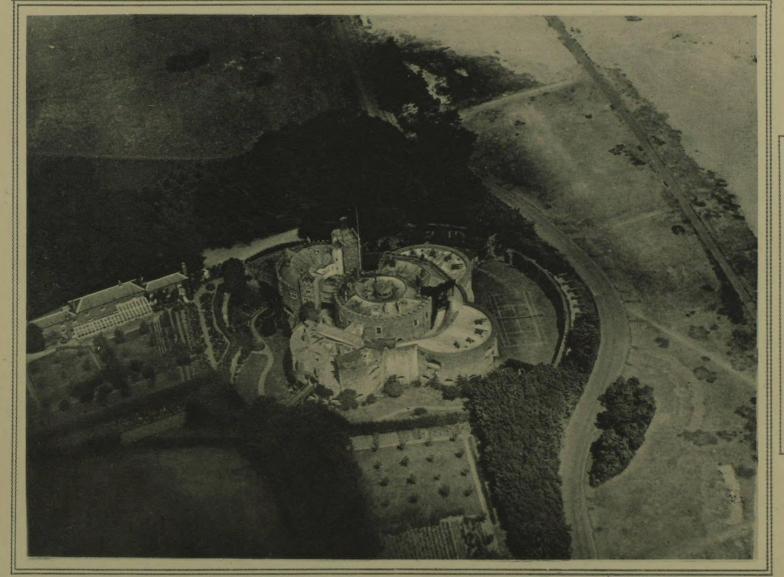
Specially Photographed for "The Illustrated London News," by Aerofilms, Ltd., Hendon.



ONE OF THE
MOST SECLUDED
SEASIDE PLACES
ON THE COAST
OF KENT, WITH
HIGH CLIFFS
AND A
PROFUSION OF
WILD FLOWERS:
ST. MARGARET'S
BAY, NEAR THE
SOUTH FORELAND,
BETWEEN DEAL
AND DOVER.









BUILT BY HENRY VIII. AND IN MODERN TIMES THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS: WALMER CASTLE, AMONG WHOSE FAMOUS OCCUPANTS HAVE BEEN WILLIAM PITT AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, WHO DIED THERE.



We begin here a series of air views, specially taken for this paper, of well-known Kentish holiday resorts on the South-East Coast, ranging from Whitstable to Folkestone. Four photographs of the latter town, taken, like the above, from an aeroplane, appear on a double-page in this number. St. Margaret's Bay, four miles from Deal, owes its seclusion to being some distance from a station. The cliffs are over 300 feet high, terraced with villas, and the district is rich in wild flowers. Walmer Castle, built by Henry VIII., became in the eighteenth century the residence of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. In 1730 the Earl of

Holdernesse occupied it in that capacity, and he was succeeded in turn by Lord North and William Pitt. In 1823 it was described by William Cobbett, in his "Rural Rides," as "that famous place, where Pitt, Dundas, Perceval, and all the whole tribe of plotters against the French Revolution had carried on their plots." The Duke of Wellington was Warden of the Cinque Ports from 1828 till his death at Walmer Castle in 1852. Queen Victoria, who had lived there for a time before her accession, visited the Duke at the Castle in 1842. Among other famous occupants was Lord Palmerston. The present Lord Warden is Earl Beauchamp.

THE SEASIDE FROM THE AIR: FOLKESTONE AND ITS FAMOUS LEAS AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.

SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY AEROFILMS, LTD., HENDON.













SHOWING (FROM THE CENTRE OF LEFT TO RIGHT) THE H. G. WELLS THE PIER, THE COUNTRY ": LIFT FROM THE FOLKESTONE AND CLIFF-TOP TO THE THE LEAS AS BEACH, THE LIFE-SEEN FROM AN BOAT STATION AEROPLANE, AT AN AND THE BATHING EARLY HOUR. THE SEA-FRONT AT FOLKESTONE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE.

HUTS :





As mentioned on a previous page, showing St. Margaret's Bay and Walmer Castle from the air, these photographs belong to a new series of air views of Kentish coast resorts specially taken for this paper. Describing Folkestone, in his interesting book, "The Kent Coast," Mr. Arthur D. Lewis writes: "Here on these Leas is the most fashionable part of the coast we shall pass through. Strange to think that on the Leas once must have walked, as remains found in this neighbourhood show, the woolly rhinoceres and the reindeer; ichthyosaurians and fish-lizards are found fossilised in the chalk-marl. . . On the Leas will be found a statue to William Harvey, who discovered the use of the heart, for William Harvey was born at Folkestone in 1578. . . The history of Folkestone seems to call for little space. Queen Elizabeth was here—if you want the date, it was in 1573. . . . From that time onwards

Folkestone suffered a period of decay: the sea got the better of its harbour. But in 1807 Parliament gave it power to build a new harbour, which was done by the celebrated engineer, Telford. Its prosperity increased then fairly steadily. . . . The coast from Folkestone to Romney could be described in notes to certain of Wells's novels. This coast forms a background for the Wellsian coast-dwellers who are not indigenous. . . . Of Wells's larger novels, Kipps' is the one that is most carefully located in this part of Kent. Kipps is born in New Romney, works at a draper's in Folkestone, and, after a brief period of wealth, keeps a bookseller's at Hythe. . . Living at Sandgate for many years as he did, he (Wells) naturally took his examples from his experience as a Sandgate householder." The Folkestone of an earlier day is described by Dickens, under the name of Pavilionstone, in an essay called "Out of Town."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. G. M. DYOTT, F.R.G.S., OF THE





LESS NOTICED THAN THE TRUNK BUT EQUALLY CURIOUS AND DIFFERING IN EVERY SPECIMEN: THE TAIL OF AN INISTAN ELEPHANT. PLATTENED TOWARDS THE END. WITH A GROWTH OF STIFF, CURVING





3. VULNERABLE AS THE HEEL OF ACHILLES, AND SOMETIMES SUSCEPTIBLE TO THORNS: THE UNDER SURFACE OF AN ELEPHANT'S FOOT, ONE SHOT IN THE FLESHY PART
OF WHICH MAY SAVE A SPORTSMAN FROM A WILD ELEPHANT'S ATTACK

Mr. G. M. Dyott, who recently accompanied, as photographer, a big-game shooting expedition in India (Nepal) and Burma, organised by Mr. A. S. Vernay and Colonel Faunthorpe, A.D.C., has provided us with these very interesting detail studies of the Indian elephant. In his notes on those reproduced above, he writes: "(L) Few people appreciate the peculiarities of the elephant's tall. We spend so much time admiring his trunk that his other extremity passes by unnoticed. Instead of tapering to a point, it flattens out towards the end, and along each edge protrudes a row of stiff bristles (the bearers of good luck which we frequently see worn by our acquaintances). There is a good deal of individuality about tails, as no two are ever alike : some have bristles sprouting out only on the extreme end; others have them on one side only; others, again, look rather moth-eaten and have hardly any. There is yet another interesting classnamely, those that have been bitten off. Why elephants indulge in this strange habit is not quite known. (2.) The top of an elephant's head is covered with a sparse growth of stubbly bristles. They seldom grow long, except in the case of the very young or else the very old. In both extremes they rarely exceed

THE ELEPHANT AND HIS CUTANEOUS PECULIARITIES: THE TAIL, HAIR, FOOT, AND EYE SHOWN IN DETAIL.







4. REMARKABLY SMALL IN SO LARGE AN ANIMAL, BUT MAKING UP BY ITS KINDLY EXPRESSION FOR DEPICIENCY IN SIZE: THE EYE OF AN INDIAN ELEPHANT, WITH DETAIL OF THE EYELASHES.

four or five inches in length. With wild elephants, such as the one shown herewith, the distribution of hair is more regular than in the domesticated animal. In the latter case, continual scrubbing and washing prevents a healthy growth occurring. (3.) The under-surface of an elephant's foot consists of irregular groupings of horny surfaces. Tough as these are, thorns sometimes work their way into the cracks, and, if they should touch some tender spot, the unfortunate beast is practically out of commission, for, unlike most other animals, he cannot move on three feet. Advantage is sometimes taken of this fact when a sportsman, with only a small-calibre weapon to defend himself with, is attacked by a wild elephant. One shot in the fleshy part of the foot is enough to save the situation. (4) If the eye is the window of the soul, then an elephant must indeed have a very small soul. For so large an animal, his eye is unusually tiny, but what it lacks in dimensions it makes up for by its very kindly expression. The colour varies between dark brown and a light chestnut. The sight is very bad, and with caution one can approach within almost a few yards of a wild elephant without being detected, providing, of course, the wind is right."

following article

"The Stonehenge

Avenue," with the accompany-

ing illustrations, is contributed by Mr. O. G. S. Crawford,

FSA of the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton.

a remarkable fact that the eastern branch of the Stones

henge Avenue should have been

rediscovered by air-photography

discovery by Dr. William Stuke-

lev. There can be little doubt that he first found it at the

same time as he found the

His record was set down in

the hope of 'preserving the memory of it hereafter, when

the traces of this mighty work are obliterated with the plough.

its fate.' His prophecy has been justified : only one small part

of the Avenue still survives not free from the danger. The

rest of the Avenue has been

retrieved in a marvellous way. Even when he wrote, early

in the 18th century, the most eastern portion had been

ploughed flat, and he was unable to follow it. Yet, as will photographs here reproduced,

visible. This double line re-

presents the line of the two

the route. The lines can be

traced continuously until they

in the valley north-east of

Stonehenge. Here the banks

of the eastern branch are dis-

tinctly visible to-day upon the ground, just before the junction

with the main avenue going

NEW DISCOVERIES AT STONEHENGE MADE FROM THE AIR:

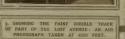
ILLUSTRATIONS: Nos. 1, 3, and 6, from Royal Air Force Official Photographs, by Courtesy of the Air Ministry-Crown Copyright



to Stonehenge. By kind permission of the owners, Messrs. Wort and Way, of Salisbury, excavations to prove the eastern course of the Avenue will be undertaken shortly. What was the purpose of the avenues, the Cursus—of Stonehenge Itself? It is still impossible to answer these questions with certainty. Professor Schuchhardt believes that Stukeley was right, and that the Cursus was a prehistoric racecourse. It is difficult to think of a better explanation. It has been suggested that the 'foreign' stones of Stonehenge were rafted up the Salisbury Avon. It is quite certain, thanks to the researches of Dr. Thomas, of H.M. Geological Survey, that they came from Pembrokeshire (see "Antiquaries' Journal, July 1923). If so, they may have been brought by sea and river. The eastern branch of the Avenue ends on the Avon at the point where that river



2. AS TRACED BY DR. WILLIAM STUKELEY 200 YEARS AGO: "THE BEGINNING OF THE AVENUE TO STONEHENGE WHERE IT IS PLOWED UP."



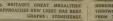


AND DISTRICT, (SEE

I. REVEALING A LOST SECTION OF THE AVENUE (CURVING DOWNWARDS TO THE







MONUMENT, ON WHOSE AVENUE THROWN BY AERIAL PHOTO-FROM THE AIR.

henge. It follows the easiest gradient from there to Stonehence itself. Was it a processional way along which the 'foreign' stones were con-veyed to their destination? We do not know, and speculaless. Yet the abrupt ending on the Avon is very suggestive." Discussing the same subject recently in the 'Observer,' Mr. Crawford says: 'From the entrance of Stonehenge there run north-eastwards two parallel banks, 70 feet apart, known as the Avenue. At a distance of 726 yards from the centre of Stonehenge, the Avenue divides : one branch the other, with which we are now concerned, was lost, but ago, and was mapped by Sir and by the Ordnance Survey in 1817. It ran due east for a distance of about 860 yards to the top of the hill, where it was lost in ploughed land between two groups of barrows. Beyond thought it continued straight on to 'an ancient ford of the River Avon,' i.e., Ratfyn. Its real course is plainly visible on the air photographs. Personally, I feel quite certain that the marks on the air photographs are those of the Avenue banks, but I do not expect all others to be convinced until trenches have been dug across to prove it . . . What does this discovery mean? In the first place, it puts out of court once and for all the

fanciful astronomical theories of the late Sir Norman Lockyer and others. An avenue which splits into two branches, one leading to a racecourse and the other to a river (and neither branch straight) cannot be regarded as oriented to the rising sun for purposes of worship. . . It remains uncertain whether (the 'foreign' stones) were transported to Stonehenge by sea or land. Dr. Thomas decides tentatively in (avour of a land route. But I think he under-estimates the sea-going powers of our prehistoric ancestors. In the early Bronze Age, objects from Ireland reached Wiltshire. ancestors. In the early Bronze Age, objects from Ireaano reasons witchings, and the mouth of the Avon (near Christchurch, Hampshire). There is one possible objection to this theory. Was the Avon deep enough then to float a raft carrying a (Continued Internal Continued Internal C



7. DRAWN BY DR. WILLIAM STUKELEY ON AUGUST 6, 1723: "THE BACK PROSPECT OF THE BEGINNING OF THE AVENUE TO STONEHENGE."

into the Avon. Such a stone has actually been located in the bed of the river. . . . Stonehenge (he adds) was topographically in an excellent situation as a trading centre. . . . The orientation (of the Avenue) certainly indicates a religious significance, but its continuation on to the site of an ancient ford across the Avon suggests secular utility. In those days the water in the Avon apparently stood at a higher level. If so, the low-lying ground to the east of Stonehenge must have formed a backwater sufficiently deep for the navigation of rafts. Facilities for the transport of goods by water were welcome in times when roads

PHOTOGRAPHS AT 4000 FEET REVEALING A LOST AVENUE.

RESERVED; NO. 5, BY CENTRAL AEROPHOTO CO. DESCRIPTION BY MR. O. G. S. CRAWFORD, F.S.A., ARCHEOLOGY OFFICER TO THE ORDNANCE SURVEY.

RIGHT OF THE COPSE IN THE CENTRE): AIR PHOTOGRAPHS OF STONEHENGE KEY DIAGRAM BELOW.)







were practically non-existent."

AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT 4000 FEET.

stone over two tons in weight? Perhaps some engineer will work out the depth necessary. . . . A tradition was recorded by Geoffrey of Monmouth in the twelfth century that Stonehenge was brought by Merlin from Ireland. Dr. Thomas suggests that the extreme West of Wales might have been confused with Ireland. The confusion is the more likely if the journey was made by sea." We may recall that illustrated articles on Stonehenge appeared in our issues of April 15 and May 13, 1922. In the latter, Mr. J. E. Gurdon pointed out that the 'foreign' stones are smaller than the trilithous. He mentions a legend "that the Devil brought these stones by air from Ireland, and that, when adjusting his burden near Bulford, one stone slipped from his grasp and plunged

PAGEANTRY AT THE PREMIER DUKE'S CASTLE: REHEARSALS AT ARUNDEL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., TOPICAL, ALFIERI, C.N., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.

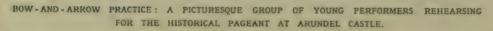




OF STEPHEN AND MATILDA, RIVALS FOR THE ENGLISH CROWN.

A TWELFTH-CENTURY SCENE IN THE ARUNDEL HISTORICAL PAGEANT: THE MEETING EDWARD I, AT ARUNDEL IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY: THE PAGEANT SCENE OF THE TRIAL BY THE KING OF WILLIAM DE ALTA RIPA.







WITH HOODED FALCONS ON A HOOP AND ON THE WRIST: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FALCONERS AS REPRESENTED IN THE ARUNDEL PAGEANT.



TWO OF THE SMALLEST OF THE FIFTEEN HUNDRED PERFORMERS IN THE ARUNDEL PAGEANT: A PRETTY INCIDENT DURING THE REHEARSAL.

A great historical pageant, in aid of West Sussex hospitals, was arranged to be held in the grounds of Arundel Castle, the famous seat of the Dukes of Norfolk, on August 14, 15, and 16. Our photographs were taken during the full-dress rehearsal on the previous Saturday. The Duchess of Norfolk was President of the Pageant, and her son, the present Duke, now aged fifteen, appeared as Knight Marshal of the Lists at a tourney which formed the chief episode. He is the Premier Duke and Hereditary Earl Marshal. His sister, Lady Rachel Howard, also took part as a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Elizabeth, who was personated by Violet Lady Beaumont. The Pageant was organised by Mr. Patrick Kirwan, assisted by Mrs.



THE QUEEN ELIZABETH OF THE PAGEANT: VIOLET LADY BEAUMONT (RIGHT), WITH LADY AMHERST OF HACKNEY, WATCHING AN EPISODE REHEARSED.

Kirwan as Mistress of the Robes, and by Mr. G. Ambrose Lee, Norroy King of Arms, in regard to the accuracy of armorial bearings and period costumes. There were 1500 performers, more than half of whom represented actual characters in history, the rest forming retinues and crowds. The scene was a beautiful glade in the park, with room for 2000 spectators. Each of the eight episodes was presented by a particular town or district in Sussex, and most of the historic scenes had taken place at or near Arundel. The central and most elaborate episode of Queen Elizabeth was given by the people of Arundel, that of Stephen and Matilda by Fontwell, and that of Edward I. by. Bignor.

FRENCH ENGINEERING AND ANNAMITE WATER GODS: AN INAUGURATION.





FRENCH COLONIAL ENTERPRISE IN THE FAR EAST: (1.) ANNAMITE LABOURERS IN THEIR WIDE HATS AT WORK ON THE VU-SI WATER-PIPE; (2.) THE OPENING OF THE VINH-YEN IRRIGATION WORKS—ANNAMITE MANDARINS BOWING TO THEIR WATER-GODS, AND CEREMONIAL MATS LAID DOWN FOR THE PROCESSION.

We illustrate here a typical example of French colonial enterprise in the Far East. The great irrigation works which French engineers have carried out on the Red River, in Annam, with the aid of native labour, may be compared with the work done by the British on the Nile, and have in like manner immensely increased the fertility of the country. Describing the scenes here illustrated, a French writer says: "A great task was undertaken in the Province of Vinh-Yen, resulting in the irrigation of 17,000 hectares. The works being completed, M. Baudouin, the acting Governor-General of Indo-China, took the opportunity, last February, of the arrival

of a Parliamentary Mission to inaugurate the new canals with special ceremony. It was on this occasion that M. Jean Brunhes sent these interesting photographs, with an account of the works on the Red River and its tributary, the Claire." These works include barrages and new canals, "notably the very remarkable 'siphon' (water-pipe) of Vu-Si, which is 180 metres in length. Under the direction of French engineers, the difficult task of laying reinforced concrete was executed by native labour. This is only a beginning, and other great works are in progress."

THE KING AS YACHTSMAN: HIS MAJESTY ABOARD THE "BRITANNIA"; AND OTHER INCIDENTS OF COWES WEEK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., PRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS, AND L.N.A.









MANGLUVERING AT THE START OF A RACE IN THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB REGATIA: MAY THE KING ABOARD THE "BRITANNIA," WITH MEEL: HIS MAJESTY HELFS TO SAIL "BRITANNIA."

THE KING AT THE KING AT THE KING'S YACHT AND TWO OTHERS RACING IN THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATIA

MR. C. P. JOHNSON'S "MOCHMEAM" AND THE KING'S "BRITANNIA."

THE KING AT THE KING AT THE KING'S YACHT AND TWO OTHERS RACING IN THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATIA

MAJOR HUNLOKE AT THE WHEEL: HIS MAJESTY HELFS TO SAIL "BRITANNIA."

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MAJOR HUNLOKE AT THE WHEEL: HIS MAJESTY HELFS TO SAIL "BRITANNIA."

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THE RACE FOR THE KINGS CUP: TWO YACHTS CROSSING THE LINE MR. R. H. LEE'S YACHT "TERPSICHORE": A MINNER OF THE CHIEF EVENT OF AUGUST 8: WINNER OF THE CHIEF EVENT OF THE

WINNER OF THE KING'S CUP AT COWES: MR. C. P. JOHNSON'S "MOONBEAM."

OWNED BY COLONEL]. GRETTON, M.P.: MANGEUVRING FOR POSITION AT THE START FOR THE KING'S CUP: "CARIAD," FROM "BRITANNIA." "PAULA III.," "TERPSICHORE," AND "VALDORA,"



THE NING ADOARD HIS YACHT "BRITAINHA," WITH THE SKIPPER, MAJOR HUNLOKE:

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT WARING FOR THE STARTING GUN OF A RACE.

SHOWING THE KING (SECOND FROM LEFT IN BACKGROUND) NEAR THE WHEEL,
AN ANXIOUS MOMENT WARING FOR THE STARTING GUN OF A RACE.







"BRITANNIA" AND HER ROYAL OWNER: THE KING ABOARD HIS RACING
YACHT, WITH THE SKIPPER, MAJOR HUNLOKE, AT THE WHEEL.

THE KING AND HIS HOST ABOARD THE "MAGDALENE": [L TO R; MR W. G. JAMESON (OWNER, SIR RICHARD BULKELEY, SIR DEREK KEPPEL, AND HIS MAJESTY.

The week's yacht-racing at Cowes, in which his Majesty the King took an active part on board his 220-ton cutter, "Britannia," was brought to a close on Saturday, August 11. The chief event fixed for the previous day, for which the King's yacht, "Britannia," was entered, had been postponed to the 11th, as a mark of respect to President Harding, whose funeral took place on the 10th. "Britannia" was the scratch boat, allowing Mrs. E. R. Workman's "Nyria" 6 min. 54 sec., Mr. R. H. Lee's "Terpsichore" 9 min. 58 sec., Colonel J. Gretton's "Cariad" 42 min. 56 sec., and Sir William Portal's "Valdora" 52 min. 54 sec., over the Queen's Course of 46 miles. They started in a flat calm, and there was hardly any wind all day. The race was won by "Nyria." On the same day,

the contest for the British-American Cup, which had been interrupted owing to the President's death, was continued. Cowes Week began on the 6th, with the Regatta of the Royal London Yacht Club, and the three following days were devoted to that of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The race for the King's Cup, on the 7th, was won by Mr. C. P. Johnson's "Moonbeam." The big handicap on the 8th, for yachts exceeding 100 tons, was won by Mrs. E. R. Workman's "Nyria." On August 10, the King went for a cruise round the Isle of Wight in Mr. W. G. Jameson's yacht "Magdalene," accompanied by Princess Victoria and the Duke of Connaught: "Paula III." belongs to Mr. K. H. Preston.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



"GROWING UP."

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

M Y youngsters have "broken up "—everybody's youngsters have "broken up," and have flung themselves upon us for the summer holidays. We shall all of us have a riotous time for a few weeks,

The eyes have become reduced to mere vestiges, indicated by small

dark points showing beneath the skin. This creature will live for years in captivity without eating.—[Photographs by E. J. Manly.]

and then-after the storm, a great calm. Herein we shall have time to think over that hectic past, and to contemplate, perhaps a little sadly, the in-

evitable end of these periodic outbursts of youthful

on us !

heights I

flection if carefully surveyed.

A "PERMANENT LARVA": THE EYELESS PROTEUS, WITH ITS REMARKABLE

FEATHERY GILLS CONSPICUOUS AGAINST THE BLANCHED SKIN.

animal diet takes the place of a vegetarian diet, and the tongue must capture the delicious morsels which its eyes have fixed upon. The jaws, therefore, must be completely refashioned. Specimens in the

in the photograph, the lips are trace of a mouth is visible; in jaws are nearly ready for use.

During the whole of this

considerable length, but the fore-limbs are only just beginning to develop. The later stages of this

British Museum of Natural History seem to show that the tadpole mouth becomes completely closed up during this period. In the uppermost figure still visible; but in the specimen immediately below, hardly any the figure below this, the new

time, which is to be reckoned by several weeks, life has been sustained solely by the absorption of the tail by the bloodvessels. Its tissues have undergone a kind of fatty degeneration, until nothing is left. All this time, the legs, as well as the jaws, have been growing. In the lowermost of the three

tadpole figures, the hind-legs have attained to a

A CASE OF "GROWING DOWN": THE PARADOXICAL TOAD-FOUR STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT, FROM A 10-INCH TADPOLE, WITH HUGE TAIL, TO A 21-INCH TAILLESS ADULT.

Here are shown three larval stages, and the adult form, of the Para-

doxical Toad. In the uppermost figure the lips are still visible; in the second the mouth has almost disappeared; in the third the newly developed jaws are appearing.

amazing process of evolution one know of the happenings in our own frogs and toads.

After such a magnificent beginning, it is disappointing to find such a poor ending. But we must accept the facts as we find them. The adult measures but a bare two-and-a-half inches from its snout to the stump where once was its stupendous tail! However, what it has lost in size it has gained in splendour, for its shiny skin is most wonderfully coloured with bronze, bright green, and black, above; and

with glowing yellow, spotted and barred with brown, below.

No less remarkable, but in a different way, is the tadpole stage of that extraordinary salamander, the Mexican Axolotl. It may be likened to a great, black, overgrown newt, and rather repulsive-looking at that. It was first discovered by the Spanish conquerors in the lakes near the city of Mexico, and it is from these invaders that the word "Axolotl" has come down. It was the native name, which means "play in the water." It was then, and still is, eaten, either roasted or boiled, with vinegar or cayenne pepper. And very good eating I should imagine it would prove.

Its claim to mention here, however, is not on this account, but because, like Peter Pan, "it never grows up "-or hardly ever. It is, in short, one of the few creatures which becomes sexually mature before the body, as a whole, has attained to maturity. Indeed, except under special conditions, it never does assume its adult form, but produces young, year after year, while still in its larval form. This is attested by the large, fringed external gills, like those of the young newt seen in our wayside ponds.

In its native lakes it seems never to assume the fully adult form; but in captivity, by reducing the quantity of water in which it is kept, it is gradually forced to breathe air. When at last it has, perforce, become a land animal, the gills disappear, and it assumes the form of a salamander; and with this the characteristic coloration—black with yellow spots. But here, again, the "tadpole" is larger than the adult, for the largest Axolotls may measure as much as a foot in length; females of the adult form-Amblystomanever exceed nine inches, and they are always larger than the males.

Recent experiments have shown that the Axolotl may be induced to undergo its metamorphosis into the adult, Amblystoma, stage, by feeding it on thyroid extract. We have still much to learn about this strange creature, for it is by no means confined to the lakes of Mexico, but it is found also in various parts of North America, where the development into the adult, Amblystoma, stage takes place regularly and normally.

Newts and salamanders bear gills only in their larval state; during which they are entirely aquatic. Some of their near relations never emerge on to dry land, and they remain permanently gill-breathers, and have the gills external to the body. They are, so to speak, permanent larvæ. The most remarkable of these is the famous Proteus, found only in the subterranean waters of Carniola, Carinthia, and Dalmatia. Scarcely a foot in length, bleached white, from the inky darkness of its water dungeon, and not merely blind but eyeless—though vestiges of eyes are found beneath the skin-it yet contrives to maintain a hold on life. It surely holds the record for abstemiousness, though it certainly eats occasionally. But specimens have been long kept in captivity which have sustained a "hunger-strike" extending over years, without apparent discomfort! Experiments made to test the result of exposure to light have been followed by the gradual darkening of the skin, till at last it became inky black. In the normal, white, body the gills stand out a bright carmine, due to the blood-vessels showing through the delicate integument, giving a very beautiful effect.



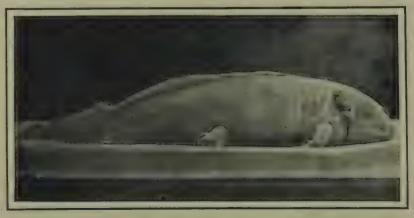
a few millimetres long. By the time its hind-legs have just made their appearance—the earliest recorded stage-it measures nearly one foot-ten and a quarter inches, to be quite precise. It has now reached its zenith in point of stature, and is a giant among tadpoles. It has been living, so to speak, in the "tuck-shop": life has been one continual feast. Of its enormous bulk, no more than two-and-a-quarter inches has gone to the making of its head and body; the rest has been devoted to the development of a huge tail: a mass of muscle, crested above and below by a thin sheet of membrane forming a fin. The width across this tail is just four inches.

conjure up a mental image of what they were like.

At that portentous moment of hatching, this prodigy

is merely an ordinary tadpole, a tiny black creature

Here, indeed, is a case of "the tail that wagged the dog"! . The whole of the creature's energy has up till now apparently been devoted to the glorification of this tail. But it must "come to heel": its day is past. It must now give back to the body all that it has taken. And this because the days of feasting are over. A Lenten fast begins, for the mouth is to be closed for structural alterations. Till now, horny teeth, rows of them, set upon great, fleshy lips to form a sort of rasp, have served it for knife and fork. But in the life that is to come, an



"PLAY-IN-THE-WATER": THE MEXICAN AXOLOTL, WHICH "NEVER GROWS UP" EXCEPT IN CAPTIVITY—SHOWING THE EXTERNAL GILLS. Only this larval condition of the Axolotl is found in the Mexican lakes, but in North America it follows the normal course of development of salamanders and newts, and does not breed until the adult-Amblystoma-stage is reached.

"THE GOOD KEEPER IS . . . A PRECIOUS JEWEL IN THE CROWN OF SPORT."

FROM THE PAINTING BY ORLANDO GREENWOOD, SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED FOR THE ARTIST.)



"THE KEEPER," BY ORLANDO GREENWOOD: A STUDY OF A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE CRAFT ON WHOSE QUALITIES THE SPORTSMAN LARGELY RELIES.

It is on record that a little Highland schoolboy, when asked: "What is a game-keeper?" replied: "A big man who walks about in a braw suit of tweeds, wi' a dog and a gun, and does naethin'." The anecdote occurs in Mr. P. Jeffrey Mackie's excellent volume, "The Keeper's Book" (Foulis), a guide to the duties of a game-keeper which is a standard work in sporting literature. An earlier classic on the subject is "The Gamekeeper at Home," by Richard Jefferies. As Mr. Mackie says, keepers vary greatly in efficiency. "How competent a person, as a rule, is the good

keeper who knows! He is not only a grand sportsman, but a splendid servant—a man who knows nearly everything that is to be learnt of the habits and habitats of game, and of the necessary methods to manage and improve the ground, stock, and shootings under his care, and yet is always on the outlook to learn more. The really first-class keeper is a precious jewel in the crown of sport—a man who often puts to shame the knowledge and skill of a well-read and keenly observant master . . . Above all things the ideal keeper is humane. . . . A cruel keeper is a monster."

THE COLOUR OF FLANDERS: AN ARTIST'S "DREAM CITY" FOUNDED ON IMPRESSIONS OF FLEMISH ARCHITECTURE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY BLAMIRE YOUNG, SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROY. INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"A DREAM OF FLANDERS," BY BLAMIRE YOUNG: A COMPOSITE IMPRESSION OF THE TYPICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF OLD FLEMISH CITIES.

This very striking picture does not profess to represent any particular place in Flanders, but is rather, as its title implies, an imaginary impression of the characteristic features of old Flemish cities, with their stately buildings and quiet waterside scenes. It is an attempt to reproduce "the spirit of place," and might be described as a historical romance in colour. There seems to be no reason why the painter, as well as the novelist, should not indulge in topographical

fantary. In this case, at any rate, the result may be said to justify the experiment. The two great towers on the left recall, in their general appearance, the tower of the Church of St. Rombaut at Malines, one of the many beautiful cities of Flanders that were shelled by the Germans in the early weeks of the war. Apart from this suggestion, it is difficult to identify other sources of the painter's impriration.



"GOLFERS WITH TOBACCO PIPES"

By J.H.THORPE

Golfers are fortunate in this—that they can play their favourite game and enjoy their favourite tobacco at one and the same time. Many good players find that the grip of the pipe between the teeth helps

them to concentrate on their shot. And after the ball has been got clean away, the blessed sense of satisfaction is pleasantly capped by the fragrance of good tobacco—such as "Three Nuns."

THREE AUAS TOBACCO

Sold everywhere in the following packings: 1-oz. Packets, 1/2; 2-oz. Tins, 2/4; 4-oz. Tins, 4/8

Stephen Mitchell and Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow



The Morld of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



THE CHARM OF CHARLES HAWTREY.

A LITTLE anecdote which I may now relate throws a peculiar and pleasant light on the wonderful character of the great artist so suddenly wrenched from our midst.

It was on the train between Paris and Calais; we had met accidentally, and, as people do in the World of the Theatre when they are good old friends, he began to "reminisce" and to

began to "reminisce" and to kill time with stories gay and grave about all sorts and conditions of people. We naturally came to Hawtrey tales, and, as the opportunity was favourable, I ventured to ask him whether the story of "the shirt" was

true.
"Which one?" he said, with that smile, half-'cute, half-bashful, which formed one of his greatest charms; "there are so many."
And I told him. "It was in

your young days of storm and stress. You owed money to a well-known man about town, and he had laid embargo on your goods—in other words, the brokers were in your flat and you were on bad terms with your creditor. One Sunday early, when you were week-ending in Paris, you received a pressing invitation to a banquet in London. Helterskelter you packed your things, with the intention to return to Paris the next morning. In the 9 a.m. train you found, to your dismay, that you had forgotten your dress-shirt. It was Sunday; what were you to do?—where was a shirt to be got for love or money previous to the banquet at 7.30? Then you had an inspiration. Never mind the quarrel with your creditor! You

cabbed to his house; you urged an interview, and you said: 'I know, S., that you don't like me just now, but I must attend a banquet in an hour: for heaven's sake give me an order for a shirt!' The

humour of the situation struck the hardheaded S., and on a chit he ordered the brokers to let bearer have a shirt. That evening 'C. H.,' as spick and span as ever, was punctually, in full war paint, at the Cecil."

When I had finished Hawtrey laughed heartily. "Yes, it is quite true, and there is a rider to the story. Old S. was so pleased with my diplomacy that next day he 'phoned to the club, asked me to lunch, and promptly released all my goods and chattels. We remained good friends till he died. Poor chap! He was a tough 'un in his business, but he had

"May I put the story in my Memoirs?" I asked—for at that time I was beginning to collect the things I had enjoyed and endured during my career as a critic.

"Certainly—but don't mention old S.: he might not like it, wherever he may be!" I underline the last words, for he uttered them in that inimitable way which was all his own—a little satire, a little hesitation, and a fund of human humour.

The little anecdote itself turns a light o. many hues on the character of the man. There was the Bohemian; there was the man of the world; the man of action; the man of resource who knew of no obstacles; the man who grappled with every situation with a wink of humour. And so it was on the stage as well as off. I remember him at the dress-rehearsal of Anstey's famous "Man from It was one of those dreadful rehearsals when all was sixes and sevens; when everybody was "fluffy"—including "C. H."—it was a habit of his on the first nights. His hesitation added to his charm. The great dinner scene (a classic of sitters and bourgeois - humour) seemed flat. connected with the show appeared figuratively to pull his or her hair; the thing would not work; even the manager — that safest of

steersmen of the theatre—was full of doubt, was nervous; while Hawtrey himself ran hither and thither like Richard clamouring for a horse. I was that evening the one impartial onlooker in the house, for the rehearsal was strictly private, and as I had

to leave next day for a holiday my presence was tolerated by special favour.

Now I enjoyed myself hugely. I foresaw an immense success: the cast was capital; Hawtrey himself immense, in spite of gaps and lapses of memory. When it was over—very late—he came up to me. "Well?" That is all he said, with the



A FAMOUS ACTOR IN A NEW STOLL FILM VERSION OF "YOUNG LOCHINVAR": MR. OWEN NARES (SECOND FROM LEFT) AS LOCHINVAR, WITH MR. NELSON RAMSAY (RIGHT) AS GRAEME The film is based on the well-known poem, "Young Lochinvar," and the novel of the same title. Lochinvar loves Graeme's daughter, Helen, who is betrothed to another suitor, Musgrave. In the photograph, Lochinvar, who has come to Graeme's house, is being seized as a hostage in reprisal for the capture of Musgrave by friends of Lochinvar.

double smile of diffidence and quizzicality. "You are going to make one of the hits of your career," and I burst forth in whys and wherefores to prove my case. "Bless you—let's spin a coin," and he flung



A FAMOUS COMEDIAN IN A NEW STOLL FILM-VERSION OF "ALADDIN": MR. GEORGE ROBEY AS THE WIDOW TWAN-KEE, ALADDIN'S MOTHER.

a half-crown up in the air: "Heads!" At that moment his face was a study. I cannot describe it otherwise than comic agony. Down came the half-dollar. It was heads. "Let's look at the date: '1887. Jubilee'! It will be a winner.

Damn the dress-rehearsal | Good-night." And a winner it was.

On another occasion he had written a play—all by himself. It was called "Mr. Martin," if I remember rightly, and played at the Comedy. It was very witty and a regular Hawtrey part. The first night went well, but criticism was not favourable. "They call it an actor's play," he complained laughingly, "just because I know the tricks of the trade.

it an actor's play," he complained laughingly, "just because I know the tricks of the trade. I might have foreseen that. Whenever we actors write plays you chaps sit on one. I'll bet that if I had called my play 'Mr. Hawtrey,' by Charles Martin, the notices would have been quite different. Next time I am going to fool you all." And he did. He wrote another play. He said that it had been a success and had excellent "notices"; but he would never confess where it was played, or disclose its title. "I will carry my secret to the grave—or to my Memoirs."

The dear fellow! Perhaps he has done both, for a few days before his death he was correcting the proofs of a volume that will add to the perennial memory of his name. The world at large knew Hawtrey only as a great actor; an institution; a prince of good company; a Bohemian of the palmy days when Bohemia was a realm full of the joy of living; a man of the world in the perfect sense of the word; a charmer to women and a popular figure wherever men congregate in chumminess and conviviality. But what the world will never know is the kindness of his right hand unknown to his left. He

has been a maker of many careers, and, even when his own life was beset with cares (as it often was in the past) he could not say No to any petitioner especially when it was a woman—who came to him

in distress. For whenever one talked to him of his phenomenal and lasting success on the stage, of his popularity among men, he would say: "Yes, yes, dear boy; men are all very well, but it is the women, God bless them! that make us. And don't let us forget it."

Two-thirds of all the London theatres are closed. The occurrence is almost without precedent, for hitherto managers struggled to keep open house even in August, on the principle that small receipts are better than a certain dead loss, since rent, rates, and wages know no season. Thus August was frequently a month of experiments: American plays were tried; provincial successes made a bid for luck in London; the repertory theatres paid us a visit to obtain the hall-mark of the Metropolis. That is tempi passati. We hear on all sideswith the end of the season and the departure of our U.S. friends—there is no public left. Is that so? What about "The Merry Widow," the Vaudeville revue, and Mr. Cochran's at the Oxford—just to name a few theatres where, despite season and thermometer, "House Full" is still the order of the day?

The public is there right enough, but in summer time it wants coaxing. As a friend of mine, a great theatre-goer living in the country, said. "Each visit to the play costs me more than a fiver, for I hate late trains, so it means dinner, hotel, tickets, fares and cabs-you can make your own calculation. And he, much travelled, went on: "Why don't the London managers learn the lessons of the Continent-I mean, Germany and Austria? There in the large cities they manage to keep the theatres open by the very simple method of 'summer prices'fifty per cent less than in the winter; and, of course, very light fare on the programmeoperetta and farce. I wager," he concluded, that the first man who attempts the system will make a little fortune. Even when London

is empty, there are some six millions or so left behind; and 'summer prices' would mean encouragement to patronise the theatre. Thus a 'new public' would be created, and a vigorous competition to the cinema, which can always keep open because the suit is cut according to the cloth."



III. THE CARLTON THEATRE MYSTERY. SET A THIEF-

By RALPH DURAND, Author of "The Mind Healers," "John Temple," and "Spacious Days."

THE coroner's jury returned a verdict that the famous dancer, Irene St. George, had been murdered by some person unknown, and Detective Simmonds's superior officer told him to get busy and

THE coroner's jury returned a verdict that the famous dancer, Irene St. George, had been murdered by some person unknown, and Detective Simmonds's superior officer told him to get busy and find the murderer.

Simmonds resented being set a task that was outside his own special line. Burglary was his department. The detection of burglary is an exact science based on precise methods such as the codification of finger-prints and the tabulation of personal records. But in murder cases one looks rather for motives, and Simmonds was no psychologist. His superior officer gave him notes of several clues, and not one of them, so far as Simmonds could see; was worth a punt of beans. But refusal to undertake the job would have stood in the way of his promotion, so, as soon as he had his orders, Simmonds hurried away from the Criminal Investigation Department' Offices at Scotland Yard-with every appearance of zeal. As soon as he was out of sight of its windows he began to loiter, walking slowly along the Thames Embankment, pondering how to begin. At Blackfriars he was no nearer a solution of the problem. Acting on a sudden impulse, he hailed a taxicab and drove to the lodgings of Mr. Albert Mayo, the famous ex-burglar revivalist preacher.

On several previous occasions Simmonds had derived help from the ex-convict's unique knowledge of burglary, but he had never sought for that help without a certain amount of reluctance. Mayo was too often mclined to show a warm fellow-feeling for the criminal, and could never be trusted not to help him escape instead of handing him over to justice. Mayo used to say of himself that as a revivalist preacher he was more interested in the saving of souls than in the protection of property, and when he' had helped Simmonds in cases of burglary and theft it had always been on the distinct understanding that he was at hiberty to search for all the extenuating circumstances he could find in favour of the culprit.

As this particular case was one of murder, Simmonds hoped that Mayo would promise n

"Some people seem to carn their money pretty easy," grunted Mayo. "Go on."

"It was while she was doing that turn that suddenly she gave a jump—like as if a wasp had stung her on the chest, people said—and cried out. The orchestra stopped playing. In half a tick she recovered herself and nodded to the conductor to go on with the music, but he hadn't played more than a bar or two before she fell face downwards on the stage and lay like a log. The stage-manager came on to the stage as the curtain went down and asked if there was a doctor in the audience. A man in one

of the upper boxes showed himself, and was on the stage in half a minute. But she was dead almost before he reached her. Anyway, there was nothing he could do for her. She was poisoned, he said. He found a pin-prick wound in her chest just above the heart, and he said that it was probably this that did it."

The detective leid or the things.

he could do for her. She was poisoned, he said. He found a pin-prick wound in her chest just above the heart, and he said that it was probably this that did it."

The Getective laid on the table a small arrowshaped pun, not more than two inches long, with a barb at the point and at the other end a lightly padded tut of white feathers.

"Looks to me like as if it might be part of her costume that came adrift and pricked her."

Simmonds slapped his thigh.

"That's what I say. But Miss Irene St. George's dresser, at the inquest, said that she had never seen the pin before. I don't say I trust her evidence, mind you. She behaved almost as if she was afraid that she might be charged with the murder."

"That's nothing," commented Mayo. "So would you as like as not if you had been in her place."

"Anyway, she was so flustered that she just denied any knowledge of anything. I take my solemn oath I never seen the pin before,' she kept on telling the coroner, and that was all he could get out of her. Besides, there was another artist, a friend of Miss St. George's, in the wings—"Talesa the Belle of Tahiti,' she 's called on the play-bills; she helped to change her dresses, and she told the coroner, too, that the pin was no nart of the costume."

"She might easily have missed seeing it," commented Mayo. "But even so, how could a prick from a little thing like that poison her?"

"That's where the doctor's evidence comes in—Dr. Aubrey Buxton, of 16, Channing Street, he is, but retired from practice. First, he said that she was poisoned, and that all the symptoms pointed to its being a rare poison called curare. He said that if at any time—even it might be years ago—that pin had been dipped in curare, a prick from it just above the heart was enough to kill in a couple of minutes. He said that save as a doctor, and has travelled a lot in foreign parts collecting birds and butterflies and suchlike. He said that he had often seen poisoned darts exactly like that pin. He told the coroner that he 'sa naturalist a well as a doctor

arrows.

"He's travelled a bit and no mistake," said Simmonds, as he looked round him.

A student called away from his microscope during working hours is seldom inclined to be cordial to stray visitors, but as soon as Dr. Buxton learned the

detective's errand he said that he was prepared to give any help in his power.

"I want to hear more about your opinion of what this is," said Simmonds, laying the dart carefully on the table. "You say that you think—"

"I don't think—I know that it is an Indian's blow-gun dart," said the doctor. "I'll prove it to you."

He took from the wall a long, hollow reed.

"This is a blow-gun," he said. "I bought it from an Indian in Brazil when I was collecting birds and beetles on the Amazon. The funnel-shaped arrangement is the mouthpiece. The piece of bone at the other end serves the same purpose as the foresight of a rifle. Now look."

He picked up the dart, fitted it into the mouthpiece of the tube, lifted the tube to his mouth, aimed at the knob of a curtain-pole, and blew. The dart crossed the room so fast that the eye could not follow it and stuck fast in the wood.

"The great advantage of this weapon is that it is absolutely silent," he said, climbing on to a chair to recover the dart. "You may find a dozen birds feeding in a group and shoot one after another without making a sound."

"And you think that the dart is poisoned?"

"I'm sure of it. They all are. If they were not, such small things would wound without killing. Curare is the poison that the Amazon Indians almost always use. It first paralyses, and a minute later kills. If Miss St. George had been struck with it on the hand or foot a doctor who was on the spot and diagnosed the poison accurately might perhaps have saved her life. But a prick from it so near the heart was bound to kill almost instantaneously."

Simmonds nudged Mayo and winked at him, with a backward jerk of his head towards the door. Mayo interpreted the gesture to mean that they were wasting time, but he had his own ideas as to the courtesy due to a gentleman interrupted during working hours.

"You 're interested in birds, Doctor?" he said, hending down the better to examine a stuffed ihim.

interpreted the gesture to mean that they were wasting time, but he had his own ideas as to the courtesy due to a gentleman interrupted during working hours.

"You're interested in birds, Doctor?" he said, bending down the better to examine a stuffed ibis.

"Please don't think that I shot those birds for the pleasure of looking at them in a glass case. I am more interested in insects such as those above the mantelpiece. There are two hundred thousand different kinds of insects in the world, and with the exception of very few, such as the bee, they are all deadly enemies to man. Birds, on the other hand, are man's great allies. I have never shot a bird except for the purpose of examining its crop, in order to ascertain what it had been eating, and therefore to what extent it was the friend of man."

"Very interesting, I'm sure," said the detective.

"But we must be getting along, Mayo."

As soon as they were in the street again he grumbled at the time they had wasted.

"There's no sense in these experts," he said bitterly. "Once they get an idea into their heads there's no shaking it out. I'm prepared to believe that Irene St. George was poisoned and that it was that feathered pin thing that did it. But how did it get there? Just because it happens by pure coincidence to fit that blow-gun arrangement he showed us, he jumps to the conclusion that someone shot at her with a blow-gun. I grant you that a silent weapon like that would be a good thing to do a murder with, but he didn't tell us how in the name of commonsense a murderer could smuggle a clumsy thing like that into a theatre without the door-keeper and the programme seller and the fireman and everybody telling him he must leave it in the cloak-room. It's ridiculous! Talk to him about poisons, and he'll talk sense. Ask him a common-sense question like that, and he's no more use than a baby.

"If you can't find out how a murder was committed," said Mayo, "you must take a fresh line and

ask yourself who had any reason for committing it.

Let's go and talk to Miss St. George's manager."

Asked if he knew of anyone who had any reason to have a grudge against Miss Irene St. George, her manager, Mr. Tom Parker, frankly admitted that he knew of scores.

"It's only natural," he said, "that any hardworking music-hall artist should be jealous of a woman who draws enormous fees for doing practically nothing. working music-nail artist should be jealous of a woman who draws enormous fees for doing practically nothing. Between ourselves, Irene, regarded as an artist; was a first-class dud. She couldn't sing for nuts, and her dancing didn't amount to much. All that she had to do was to stand on the stage in her bird costumes, wave her arms about, and smile. All that was worth looking at in her show was produced by the limelight effects on her dress." on her dress.

"But her imitation of birds' notes—they were pretty good," objected Simmonds.

Mr. Parker smiled, and took out of the drawer of his writing-desk several perforated tin globes; the size

of a hazel-nut.

"All she had to do was to put these into her mouth one after another and blow. This one gives the blackbird's note, that one the lark's, and so on. She didn't even invent them. But when the poor devil who did invent them showed them to her she was business woman enough to give him ten quid for the patent, so as to prevent anyone else deing the for the patent, so as to prevent anyone else doing the same stunt. She was more business woman than artist all the time, and she knew just what the public will pay for. People want to see a show that they can talk about when they get home. That's why she made me feed the newspapers with paragraphs about her dresses. The humming bird dress was made of the breasts of six hundred birds, and cost her three hundred pounds. The osprey dress had five hundred plumes in it, and she sent a man to Central Africa on purpose to get 'em for her. The public likes to hear that sort of thing. It makes it think it's getting its money's-worth."

getting its money's-worth."

"Is there anyone who had any special reason to have any grudge against her?" asked Simmonds.

"There's Talesa.—'The Belle of Tahiti,' as she's called on the programme. She used to be star at the Carlton, but when Irene made her contract she stipulated that her name should be printed in the biggest letters on the bills, and stuck up in coloured lights over the theatre door, and so on, so that poor Talesa had to take a back seat. But Talesa's a good sort. She wouldn't hurt anyone. Then there was the chap that invented those whistles that first gave her the idea of doing the bird-representation stunt. He never got anything out of it except the ten pounds at the first go off. The other day he wrote to her, said she had made pots of money out of his invention, and asked her to lend him a few pounds because his wife was ill."

asked her to lend him a few pounds because his wife was ill."

"And did she?"

"Not she! She never let me answer begging letters. Here 's his letter, if you like to see it."

"I'll keep that," said Simmonds briskly, tucking it into his pocket-book. "What sort of performance did the Tahiti woman do?"

"Native dances in native costume. She's a purebred South Sea Islander—or gives herself out to be. I daresay it's true. She's got a darkish skin and——"

"This Dr. Buxton—he had a good view of what happened, hadn't he?" asked Mayo casually. "Wasn't he in one of the upper boxes? I thought so. And the auditorium very dark."

Simmonds was scribbling a note in his pocket-book.

"Thanks, Mr. Parker. That'll do for the present. I daresay I'll have to bother you again later."

"One moment, Simmonds," said Mayo. "Could you show us some of Miss St. George's press notices, Mr. Parker?"

"Heaps," said the manager, opening a scrapalbum. "Here's a full-length-photo of her feeding the pigeons in Trafalgar Square. Here's an article in Our Pets—it's signed by her, but I wrote it, of course—saving how fond she was of birds. All bluff to catch. Our Pets-it's signed by her, but I wrote it, of course-Our Pets—it's signed by her, but I wrote it, of course—saying how fond she was of birds. All bluff to catch the public's eye, of course. She never had any use for a bird off the stage, except on her plate. And of course there's hundreds of press critiques saying how beautiful the show was and how wonderfully she imitated birds,"

"What about unfavourable press notices?" asked Mayo. "It's those that I'd like to see."

"She never let me keep any. There weren't many to keep. You see, no newspaper advertisement-manager would let his editor queer his pitch by inserting unfavourable notices of a show advertised in his columns, and the Carlton Theatre advertises in all the dailies and nearly all the weeklies."

dailies and nearly all the weeklies.'

Mayo seemed inclined to follow up the subject, but

Mayo seemed inclined to follow up the subject, but Simmonds dragged him away impatiently.

"Talesa's our mark," he said eagerly, as soon as they were out of ear-shot. "A star artist shunted out of her place. There's your motive. You remember what the poet says, 'Hell has no fury like a woman who's been diddled,' or something to that effect. How did she get hold of the poisoned dart? She used to use it hird-catching when she's were running wild in use it bird-catching when she was running wild in Tahiti, or whatever the place is called. How did she stick it into Irene St. George? Why, she was with her in the wings, pretending to be as friendly as you please, and helping her change quickly nonr can another. What was to stop her from slipping the pin into Miss St. George's corsage in such a way that it was bound to prick her as soon as she started waving her arms about? Oh, she's our mark all Come along to the theatre and have a talk with the

dresser."
"You go," said Mayo. "I'm going to follow a

Mayo's fame as a preacher and notoriety as an ex-convict had gained him a large and varied circle of acquaintances, ranging from the proprietors of sixpenny doss-houses, at one end of the social scale, to Cabinet

Ministers at the other. Among them was an editor with whose politics he profoundly disagreed and for whose personal character he had immense respect. A man, he felt certain, who would place his own ideas of honesty above the expedience of truckling to advertisers. The editor of the Sentinel proved to have emphatic views about Miss Irene St. George's per-

"I won't say anything about the woman," he said, " because convention demands that one must not speak "because convention demands that one must not speak ill of the dead until after the lapse of a certain amount of time. But her performance was vulgar and meretricious to the last degree, and the worst of it was that she set a fashion to women with as little conscience as herself. I 've a letter here, that I should have published in my next issue if she wasn't dead, that will give you an idea of the harm she did. Read it."

Yave took the galley proof offered him and read—

Mayo took the galley-proof offered him and read-

THE COST OF A DANCER'S DRESS. To the Editor of the "Sentinel."

Sir,—A paragraph that has recently appeared in several newspapers informs the public that a dress made of humming-birds' skins, worn by Miss Irene St. George, of the Carlton Theatre, cost £300. Let me examine the statement from a scientific standpoint. The cost of a humming-bird is merely the price demanded for its skin by the man who shoots it. But this has no relation to its value. In one day a single humming-bird will destroy many hundreds of noxious insects. The fecundity of insects is so enormous that in the case of some species a single pair would have sixty million descendants in one single pair would have sixty million descendants in one year if Nature had not provided birds to keep them in check. Without the aid of birds man could no more restrain the increase of insects than he could prevent the tide from rising. And yet men destroy countless thousands of their best frie ids for no more reasonable purpose than that their feathers shall adorn the hats of thoughtless women. Man's war against birds is most ruthlessly waged in tropical countries, because it is there that birds' plumage—notably that of the humming-bird—is gayest. It is in the tropics, therefore, that man has to pay most It is in the tropics, therefore, that man has to pay most dearly the penalty for this slaughter. There ticks kill the cattle; the cotton-worm and the beetle destroy the plantations. Millions of acres won from the forest by man's toil are returning to forest again through man's greed and stupidity. Miss Irene St. George's dress may have cost her £300. Its cost to mankind, taking into consideration the example she sets to the hundreds of women who every night crowd to see her, might without exaggeration be estimated in millions. But we must consider the cost of her dresses not in terms of money alone, but also in that of human lives. It is announced that one of her dresses is decorated with five hundred osprey plumes. Osprey plumes are obtained from the egret. The egret is man's most powerful ally against the terrible disease of sleeping sighness for it brevs on the legically that comments sleeping sickness, for it preys on the tsetse-fly that conveys the disease to man. Last year the egret heronries in one particular district of Central Africa were raided by an osprey plumage hunter, said to have been in the employment of Miss St. George herself. Sleeping sickness had been unknown before in that district, but it followed in his wake, and within a year after the egrets in that district had been exterminated more than a hundred hel; less Africans died a lingering and painful death.

I am, Sir,

Yours, etc., AUBREY BUXTON, M.D., F.L.S., F.E.S.

Mayo handed the letter back with a sigh. "I wish you could have published it," he said.

He went from the Sentinel office to Scotland Yard, where he found Simmonds in a less confident

"I was wrong about that woman Talesa," he said.
"After I left you I went back to Dr. Buxton and asked him whether the natives in Tahiti use blow-guns and nom whether the harves in Taniti use blow-guns and poisoned arrows. He says they don't, and that that particular poisoned dart can't have come from anywhere but Brazil. And since I got back to the office I've looked up Talesa's record on our files. Her real name is Hopkins, she was born in Hammersmith, and the nearest she has ever been to Brazil—or Tahiti either, for that matter—is Coney Island, New York'"

New York."
"Got your eye on anyone else?" asked Mayo. "Yes. I've discovered that a man came to the stage door on the night that Miss St. George was killed and asked to see her. He bribed the doorkeeper to let him in, and then squared the call-boy to let him carry up a tankard of beer that she had ordered. They started rowing, and she rang her bell and had him chucked out. I expect we'll find that it was the inventor chap that had tried to beg from her. My theory now is that that prick she got is just one of those coincidences that sometimes happen to throw one off the scent. I don't suppose the pin was poisoned at all. It was just part of her ordinary get-up that had come unfastened, and the dresser was too scared to admit it. My view is that Dr. Buxton saw she was poisoned and saw the prick, and, because he had seen poisoned arrows something like that pin, put two and two together and jumped at the wrong conclusion. I'll have the pin examined by our analysts, of course; but, you mark my words, it was the beer that was poisoned. At any rate, I 'll find the fellow that carried it up to her, and he 'll have to give an account of himself. Have you hit on anything?" Have you hit on anything

"Not yet," said Mayo.
He left Scotland Yard and turned up Whitehall, walking slowly, deep in thought. At Charing Cross he

turned into a gun-maker's shop.
"Can you tell me," he asked, "what sort of weapon a naturalist would use to shoot small birds with—something that wouldn't make any noise?"

"An air-gun or an air-pistol," replied the salesman

promptly, taking a specimen of each from a case and laying them on the counter. "They are quite "And what sort of projectile does one use "-Mayo picked up an air-pistol, almost identical in size with

one that he had seen in Dr. Buxton's study-" in this one, for instance?"
"That one would take a bullet about the size

of "Ah! It couldn't fire something in the nature of

"Ah! It couldn't fire something in the nature of a dart, could it—or an arrow?"

"Oh, yes, it could, provided that the feather of the dart fitted the barrel so as to give the compressed air something to drive against. We have no such darts in stock, but we could make them to order."

"Thanks," said Mayo, laying down the air-pistol.
"I don't want to buy, but I have a reason for asking. Hope I haven't troubled you."

"No trouble at all. Good-afternoon."

Mayo left the shop and walked towards Channing Street, still more slowly than before.

Dr. Buxton was bending over a microscope when a maid announced Mr. Mayo. He swore under his breath, annoyed at the disturbance, but at sight of Mayo he sprang to his feet and pushed a chair forward. The ex-convict's face was a dull grey. Beads of sweat were on his forehead. The doctor could see that

he was labouring under some severe nerve-strain.
"Feeling ill?" he said. "No, don't trouble to
answer. I'll give you something that will help you
to pull yourself together."
Mayo lowered himself slowly into the proffered
chair

chair.

"I know who—who killed—that woman," he said slowly and with difficulty. "No one else knows—yet. It is terrible—to have—fellow-creature's—life in one's

Dr. Buxton went to a cupboard, busied himself amongst some bottles, and brought Mayo a graduated glass half-full of a pale-pink liquid.

"Drink this," he said; "it'll pull you round."

Mayo took the glass with a hand that shook.

"I know—who poisoned——"
"But that isn't poison," said the doctor. "It's only bromide, on my honour."
Mayo lifted the glass to his lips. It clattered against his teeth and he spilled some drops of it.

that his face, too, was haggard and drawn, and that he spoke like a man who is utterly weary.

"I'm a scientist, Mr. Mayo," he said—"not a

lawyer."

"I'm no lawyer either. I don't hold with the law—not always, that is. They call me the criminals' friend. I was a criminal myself once. Without God to help me I may be a criminal again some day. I have laboured to reform criminals. Sometimes I have helped them to escape from the law; sometimes I have helped the Scotland Yard people to catch them, according to what my conscience told me. But this according to what my conscience told me. But this business—this is murder."

Mayo leaned suddenly forward in his chair and

looked at the doctor with flashing eyes.

"Is murder ever justifiable?" he demanded.
Dr. Buxton passed his hand wearily across his face.
The quietness of his manner contrasted strangely with Mayo's excitement.

"I must leave it to your own conscience," he said.
"Then for heaven's sake give my conscience something to go on. Tell me. Why did you murder Miss St. George?"

"You know that I murdered her?"

"You know that I murdered her?"

"You know that I murdered her?"

"Yes. What you told me about the value of birds to man set me thinking. The rest was a matter of following up that hint. I have seen a letter you wrote to the Sentinel. You shot the poisoned dart at her with an air-pistol from one of the upper boxes.

"I guessed that you knew when you came into the room just now. I could have given you poison just now instead of bromide. That would have given me a few hours' start of the police."

"I thought of that. But I know men. Besides, you hid nothing from the detective and myself. You made no attempt to throw us off the scent. Tell me, why did you kill her?"

"She was a pernicious woman. The harm she did both directly and by the example she set was incal-

"She was a pernicious woman. The harm she did both directly and by the example she set was incalculable. At first I thought perhaps she did it out of ignorance. So I wrote and told her of the harm she was doing. I found out her private address and wrote there, lest her manager should keep it from her. I told her something that I did not mention in my letter to the Sentinel. You read of the outbreak of sleeping sickness that followed in the wake of the hunter who furnished her with ospreys plumes. My hunter who furnished her with osprey plumes. My son, a doctor like myself, had given his life to fighting that particular disease. He hurried to the afflicted district, contracted the disease, and died. I thought that if I told her that it might move her. Here is her answer to my letter."

.Dr. Buxton took a letter from a file and passed it

"Miss St. George is in receipt of Dr. Buxton's communication," he read. "She is aware that some people make a lot of sentimental fuss about wearing osprey plumes, and she thinks it's all silly rubbish."

"That letter showed me," continued Dr. Buxton,

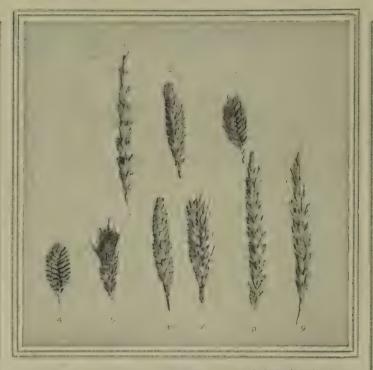
"that I should do mankind a service if I killed the woman. I do not value my own life. As for my good name—I do not care two straws for the approbation of a public so misguided as to suffer that woman to wreak the harm she did. Whether I hang or not is a matter of indifference to me. It is for the law to

THE END.

SCIENCE TO THE RESCUE OF AGRICULTURE: WHEAT-BREEDING MIRACLES.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C. E. BRAND. DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLE BY DAVID MASTERS.

"FEW people," writes Mr. David Masters, in an article accompanying these photographs, "have any idea of the wonderful work going on at the Cambridge Experimental Farm, where Professor H. R. Biffen is working for our future daily bread, and quietly and unobtrusively breeding new wheats that are the finest in existence—wheats of better quality and higher yield than any hitherto grown by man, wheats that may prove the very salvation of agriculture in this country. The average yield of English wheat is the highest in the world, being 31 bushels to the acre, while the wonder lands of Canada do not produce more than 17 bushels to the acre. But the English yield, though high, is of poor quality, while the Canadian yield, although lower, is of very fine quality. A loaf made with English flour is so heavy that millers are compelled to mix the inferior English grain with the hard Canadian wheat, in order that the bakers may supply the large, light loaf that people desire. It is obvious that, if our farmers could produce twice as much wheat from the same lands, the benefit to the people would be incalculable. Professor Biffen realised that this result could not be obtained by selection; ho knew that the only way to [Continued in Box 2.



THE WORST GRAIN DISEASE CONQUERED: THE SECOND GENERATION
OF RUST-RESISTING WHEAT BRED AT CAMBRIDGE.

Top row—(r) Duluth, the father plant; (2.) Ear of rust-resisting wheat; (3.) Red
Fife, the mother plant. Below, variations of parental characters—(4) Beardless Red
Fife; (5.) Intermediate bearded type; (6.) Rust-resisting type; (7) Bearded type not
immune from rust; (8.) Improved beardless Duluth; (9.) Bearded Duluth.

improve the yield and the quality was to breed entirely new varieties of wheat. At Cambridge the amazing sight may be seen of wheat being grown in giant cages made of small-mesh wire, in order to keep the birds away from the grain. These cages are used for comparative yield trials, the land being divided like a chessboard into squares of four feet. Generally four varieties of wheat are sown, so arranged that each variety is grown in about fifty different places, to allow of any variation in the soil. The grain is planted at intervals of 2 in. in rows 6 in. apart, and at the time of harvesting the square yard in the centre of each plot is carefully measured, the crop cut, and the yield discovered with absolute accuracy. Wheats from all parts of the world are collected and used for breeding purposes, but in every case a variety called Red Fife is made to serve as the mother plant. Red Fife is of fine quality, hard in the grain, and it ripens well; moreover, it may be grown year after year without losing quality, whereas all other foreign wheats deteriorate after being grown a season or two in England. Having a low yield of high quality, Red Fife is cross-fertilised with a wheat having a high yield of a poorer quality, with the result that among the new wheats [Continued in Box 3



HEAVY AND NOT WELL RISEN OWING TO THE POOR QUALITY OF THE WHEAT: A LOAF MADE FROM ENGLISH FLOUR.

bred will be one or two with the best qualities of both parents : a yield much better than that of Red Fife; and a quality better than that of the other parent. Occasionally a wheat is produced with a higher yield than the high-yielding parent, and this is the wheat that the scientist seeks, the wheat that is to provide the daily bread of the future. In due course the ripe grain is gathered and labelled. The next season it is carefully planted, and the eighty or so plants from the ear will be found very much alike in character. This grain is then planted, and big variations begin to appear. The finest ears are selected, and the rest thrown away, and by the third or fourth generation the type becomes fixed and breeds true. Then comes the task of growing the wheat for seed, which is saved and planted again and again until stocks are ready for one or two favoured farmers, who in turn grow solely for seed purposes. It is half a lifetime before there is enough seed for even a few farmers. One of the finest wheats in the world is Yeoman, which was bred by Professor Biffen about seventeen years ago, and the stocks are still comparatively small. Farmers and others will open their eyes in amazement when they know that Yeoman has yielded, when grown in a field by the ordinary methods of cultivation, the phenomenal crop of 96 bushels to the acre, or three times the



SHOWING THE SUPERIOR QUALITY OF CANA-DIAN WHEAT: A LARGER LOAF MADE FROM THE SAME QUANTITY OF RED FIFE FLOUR.



HARVESTED IN A GIANT CAGE DESIGNED TO KEEP AWAY BIRDS, SO THAT THE EXACT YIELD CAN BE ASCERTAINED: WHEAT BRED AT CAMBRIDGE.



WITH NUMBERED POSTS TO IDENTIFY THE PARTICULAR KIND IN EACH ROW; NEW TYPES OF WHEAT GROWN AT CAMBRIDGE IN THE OPEN.

Continued.

average English crop! From five acres a Kentish farmer took 480 bushels of Yeomr, wheat. It serves to show how remarkable are these new wheats that are being and at Cambridge. Yet this is by no means the best that has been achieved, for I have had the pleasure of examining a much better wheat than Yeoman, which Professor Biffen bred recently. Another miracle which Professor Biffen has achieved is a wheat that resists rust. Disease claims one-tenth of the world's harvests, and the worst disease is rust. Good luck and keen obervation were responsible for this fine discovery. Half-a-bushel of Duluth wheat, grown in Canada in the neighbourhood of the Great Lakes, came into the hands of the experts at

Cambridge. Practically all of it fell a prey to rust, but, in going over the plot, Professor Biffen noticed just one or two plants that were free of the disease. These plants were marked, and became the parents of the rust-resisting variety. The strange thing is that not a single plant of the first generation of the new wheat was free of disease. In spite of this, the seed was saved and sown, and of the next generation, one plant in four was found to be immune, and the wheat raised from these immune plants has remained immune ever since. The Gold Medal of the Royal Society was presented to Professor Biffen some little time ago, for his achievements in breeding new wheats."

SEEN ON THE "12TH": THE BIGGEST ANNUAL SHOWER OF SHOOTING STARS.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., THE WELL-KNOWN ASTRONOMER-ARTIST.



SOLID FRAGMENTS REDUCED TO POWDER BY THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, OUR PROTECTOR AGAINST CELESTIAL INTRUDERS: THE GREAT PERSEID METEORIC SWARM—(INSET) A TELESCOPIC VIEW OF A METEOR IN FLIGHT.

"Celestial dust," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "is found everywhere. It even settles upon the Polar snows, and on the decks of ocean-going craft. It originates chiefly in the shoals of meteoric dust and solid fragments which collide with the earth. Many shoals are the débris of disintegrated comets, and follow the same orbit round the sun. Several orbits intersect the earth's, and our globe sweeps up the débris. Occasional fragments are of big size. One weighing $35\frac{1}{2}$ tons fell in Greenland. They are always composed of terrestrial elements, such as iron, nickel, carbon, magnesium, manganese, lead, copper, sulphur, phosphorus, and various silicates. Entering our atmosphere with a speed of from 10 to 45 miles a second, they are vaporised and reduced to powder. The larger ones frequently succeed in reaching

the ground. The spectrum of meteoric dust is coincident with that of the aurora. The magnificent afterglows in the autumn months—are they not due to our earth then encountering greater shoals? This dust, to say nothing of that from the sun, adds to the earth's weight, although 1000 million years must elapse before its surface is covered to a depth of one inch. The biggest annual shower of meteors occurred this year on August 12. They are called Perseids, because they radiate from the constellation Perseus, which was then situated in the north-east between the horizon and the zenith. This swarm, it may be explained, is due to a trail of débris left behind by Tuttle's Comet, and encountered by our globe every year."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]



XII.-MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.

WHEN Edward Henry Machin, at the age of thirty-four, had danced with a Countess at the Town Hall, driven down hill into a canal in a runaway furniture-van, and become the youngest Mayor in England, an indignant Town Councillor inquired with what great cause he was identified. "He's identified," someone replied, "with the great cause of cheering us all up." Those are precisely the credentials which his creator has presented to the solemn guardians of the British Parnassus; and that, if one may attempt diagnosis without impertinence, is exactly what is the matter with Mr. Bennett's literary reputation.

He began to write at an epoch sufficiently distant

from our own to be infected with the queer, half-forgotten notion that authors write in order to be read. Mr. Stevenson had been read; Mr. Wilde had been read; even Mr. Pater had been readable. And it was a pardonable error in a young author to imagine that there was a more than accidental connection between the design of the writer and the enjoyment of his reader. The thing might, of course, be carried too far. Mr. Hall Caine was manifestly read too much; and perhaps Miss Marie Corelli wrote with a pen that strayed uncontrolled all over the paper, whilst her eye wandered perpetually out of the window to where her darling public stood waiting in serried ranks. But there was in those days a very definite intention on the part of the writer, even of the more distinguished, to be read by some-

In these, alas! the bright case is sadly altered. We are slowly learning that the writer exists simply to deliver his own soul, if possible in solitude. The strange, retiring creature mutters his soliloquy to the listening stars, whilst his readers hover uncertainly around, an unwanted audience. The table of modern letters is spread in the sight of no man. Perhaps a few of the author's friends (who write a little themselves) may be asked in. But the public is an uninvited guest, whose feelings are a matter of the profoundest indifference to everyone except perhaps (if such persons still survive in the rarefied air) to publishers. Even the critics have almost ceased to matter, since nowadays, by a simple but ingenious device, the authors criticise each other. Keats waited for the critics; and as a result the critics waited, in a more sinister sense, for Keats. But if he had lived to-day he would have been one of them. For criticism has become the side-line of half our authors. The accomplished Mr. X., whose verses we are all waiting for, pronounces the final verdict of British taste upon Mr. Y. as novelist; and when those rhymes appear, Mr. Y. as critic will signify, if he is half the man that we take him for, in the usual manner.

On this idyllic scene, where the unread exchange their mutual raptures, Mr. Bennett lingers as

a strange survival. This old-world figure writes with an obstinate determination to be read. He seems to believe, in the fearless old fashion, that this is what books are made for. His plays, with a quaint adherence to tradition, are even designed to "run." It appears to be the author's queer design to give pleasure to large numbers of persons who pay for tickets on successive evenings, rather than to qualify the Sabbath gloom of a select company which gets its seats for nothing at one performance on a Sunday night. One expects such conduct from classics. Homer had tried to please his public; Euripides had even entered for competitions; Dickens' and Balzac were not, one must admit, insensible to "sales." But in a contemporary it somehow seemed indelicate. Living writers are expected to cultivate their unpopularity in a literary suburb; and one can hardly wonder that the young lions of modern letters roared their astonishment as

Mr. Bennett took the centre of the road as a successful author of the old school.

It has been a strange career. He has left far behind him the jewelled revolvers and hissing whispers of the Grand Babylon Hotel. He has passed the innumerable lamp-posts in Trafalgar Road and the shop-window in St. Luke's Square where Constance and Sophia stared out on life. His admiration of the dark Miss Lessways, which began one evening at the Orgreaves', has dwindled into a respectful feeling for a married woman; and he has launched Mr. Machin on a successful career in the mysterious world of the London theatre, where he has since been followed by many less desirable industrialists from the provinces.

BEQUEATHED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY BY THE ECCENTRIC CAMBERWELL RECLUSE, MR. R. C. JACKSON: "THE ARCHDUCHESS ISABELLA EUGENIA," A PICTURE PAINTED IN THE STUDIO OF RUBENS.

This picture from the studio of Rubens, and a genuine Rubens (reproduced on page 319) were bequeathed to the National Gallery by the late Mr. Richard Charles Jackson, who recently died in poverty, though his house at Camberwell was filled with art treasures, since sold for nearly £12,000. An account of his strange character and career is given under our reproduction of the other picture.

By Courtesy of the National Gallery.

Innumerable gas-jets in back-kitchens have squealed with which, alone in English letters since Samuel and fluttered under his hand, and bath-taps (he has a genius for hygienic gadgets) have confessed to him all their secrets. He has watched Suffragists and football matches and the slow unfolding of unpleasant symptoms, and he has stood by countless deathbeds, for Mr. Bennett has something of Mr. Strachey's peculiar aptitude for last moments. And at the end of it all he moves with the assured ease of an established writer, who can find a respectful hearing for his lightest reflections on stray operas or the cookery of small French towns.

One feels that he has enjoyed himself enormously, has done it all with tremendous gusto. What fun it must have been to escape from the prim confinement of a solicitor's office in order to write Gargantuan "shockers" about elephants and automobiles and mammoth emporia! How entertaining to kick up sedate professional heels in reviews of unexampled

arrogance! And then what an unrivalled lark to give the whole literary show away, to tell The Truth about an Author, to deride the "conte-exquisitely Gallic as to spirit and form "-and the novel that "was to be entirely unlike all English novels except those of one author. . . . to imitate what I may call the physical characteristics of French novels. There were to be no poetical quotations in my novel, no titles to the chapters; the narrative was to be divided irregularly into sections by Roman numerals only; and it was indispensable that a certain proportion of these sections should begin or end abruptly. . . . O succession of dots, charged with significance vague but tremendous, there were to be hundreds of you

in my novel, because you play so important a part in the literature of the country of Victor Hugo and M. Loubet!... The sentences were to perform the trick of 'the rise and fall.' The adjectives were to have colour, the words were to have colour, and perhaps it was a sine qua non that even the pronouns should be prismatic-I forget." It is precisely that cheerful irreverence about the mysteries of his craft, that obstinate refusal to prostrate himself before the Ark of the Covenant, which has scandalised the more solemn of Mr. Bennett's critics. It was intolerable that he should titter about inspiration; it was unbearable that he should inform the world that "dramatic composition for the market is child's play compared to the writing of decent average fiction"; and it was almost beyond endurance that such a person should persist in writing extremely good plays and one of the five best novels in the English language. It was as though this frivolous young man from Staffordshire had strayed on to holy ground, and when the grave voice of criticism informed him of the fact from the burning bush, he obstinately declined to remove his

Criticism has hardly yet forgiven Mr. Trollope the confession that he wrote for three hours every morning, that it was "my custom to write with my watch before me, and to require from myself 250 words every quarter of an hour. . . . This division of time allowed me to produce over ten pages of an ordinary novel volume a day, and, if kept up through ten months, would have given as its results three novels of three volumes each in the year." There is something of that brisk Victorian efficiency in Mr. Bennett's attitude to literature; and those drooping spirits, which seek in affectations of fastidiousness an excuse for their own debility will quail before the towering column of his bibliography. But he, one feels, has enjoyed every word of it. He seems to giggle over the jokes in his own plays and to thrill with his own spectacular effects. His short stories have been too short for him and his long novels not nearly long enough. He has even derived a queer avuncular pleasure from those improving volumes of good advice

Smiles, he helps his fellow-countrymen on their way through the world. He enjoys, he must enjoy the exercise of that sharp, superficial observation which fills page after page of fiction with a vivid counterfeit of physical reality; and he brings out tiny, unknown facts with the mild delight of a collector exhibiting his miniatures. But most of all he seems to find his pleasure in being "in the know," in nudging his reader with a half-spoken hint that not everybody could have told him that. He loves to flit about behind the scenes, to learn how the fine ladies get their finest effects, to see where dapper gentlemen buy those miraculous boots of theirs. He has a wicked knowledge of the dressing-table; millinery is an open book to him, and over Jermyn Street he has flung his shoe. With that equipment and a lucid cursive hand he has written fine fiction and made the English theatre almost endurable.

LEFT TO THE NATION BY AN ECCENTRIC RECLUSE: A RUBENS.

By Courtesy of the National Gallery.



A BEQUEST TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY BY THE LATE MR. R. C. JACKSON, WHO DIED IN POVERTY IN A HOUSE FULL OF ART TREASURES: "THE ARCHDUKE ALBERT," BY RUBENS.

The bequest of this genuine Rubens and another picture from his studio (reproduced on the opposite page) to the National Gallery, by the late Mr. Richard Charles Jackson, brought to light the strange story of his life and character. He was a seventy-year-old recluse, who died recently with only six-and-eight-pence in his possession, and five shillings at the bank, although his large house at Camberwell was filled with art treasures which have since realised nearly £12,000. Formerly he was wealthy, and he is said to have spent a considerable fortune in helping the poor and homeless whom he sought out on the

Embankment. About twenty-four years ago he presented a complete Dante collection to the Southwark Library. At one time he was known in the literary world, and had published several books. He was believed to be the original of Walter Pater's "Marius the Epicurean," and from his appearance he was called "Count d'Orsay's double." He had a delusion that he was a Bishop of the Greek Church, and used to celebrate Mass in gorgeous vestments. His collections included Persian carpets, rare silver plate and cut glass, a Sheraton bookcase, and a copy of Homer published at Venice in 1525.

By J. D. SYMON.

THE call of Scotland—"Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear streams "-is upon us, and many have already answered it. Those who must wait a little for their release can pull the North towards them in their reading, and the current books give them several excellent opportunities. Scotland has evoked inevitably, you see, a quotation from the most famous of the Gordons, Lord Byron, who never forgot his early days on Deeside, and put all his better self into the songs those memories inspired. It is apropos to note that on Sept. 14 Byron's first public school, the Grammar School of Aberdeen (founded previous to 1256), is to unveil, with fitting ceremony, the long-projected statue to its most distinguished pupil.

"The Gordons," says the old proverb, "hae the guidin' o't," and the familiar truth holds good even in this cursory note upon books that will anticipate pleasantly a Scottish holiday. For my list leads off

with a new work by Mr. Seton Gordon, another faithful son of Deeside. He uses prose and the camera to interpret the hills and streams, and he is concerned chiefly with natural science; but there is a strong vein of poetry in his pen- and sun-pictures. He has gone to the Western Highlands and Islands for his latest volume, "HEBRIDEAN MEMORIES" (Cassell; 15s.), in which he has captured the very spirit of the scenes he describes. His pages whisk you away on a magic carpet to the regions of "the lone sheiling and the misty island." But he is practical too, and writes with insight upon the crofter, who has lately had a more than ordinarily hard time owing to rains and storms.

Mr. Seton Gordon is first of all an ornithologist, and his account of Hebridean bird-life forms a valuable addition to those studies for which this writer has, now an assured reputation. He illustrates and describes the new nesting-ground of the whooper-swans, and adds a note that will distress birdlovers. For one of the only two nests of whoopers in Britain this year has been robbed of its eggs by some vandal of a collector. This misguided enthusiast is a worse pest than the crow or gull. The black-headed gull is a hardened sinner, and the common gull is as bad. Thanks to the latter rascal, a colony of lesser terns on South Uist failed,

as far as Mr. Seton Gordon's observations went, to rear one single young bird in the whole season. But it must not be supposed that "Hebridean Memories" is a book that will appeal only to the expert in bird-lore. Its scope is far wider, and I can imagine no pleasanter guide than Mr. Seton Gordon for an imaginary or an actual visit to mainland Argyllshire and the Inner and Outer

To those readers who are not exclusively of the twentieth century the Western Highlands recall a writer who made that region his peculiar property, and who charmed thousands of young people in the unsophisticated 'seventies and 'eighties. on until 1898, but by that time the world was growing a little too clever for his sentimental and flamboyantly descriptive method. A generation arose that knew not William Black, but it looks as if his turn were coming again. At any rate, he makes a welcome reappearance among the cheap reprints, and those who are setting their faces northward will find "W. B." a most agreeable companion. His old admirers will be glad to renew acquaintance, and those who do not yet know him may make a discovery.

If any strangers to Black take kindly to this later Victorian novelist they may like to read his Life by Sir Wemyss Reid. It is an old book now, but still interesting in its glimpses of the literary and theatrical world of the period. The anecdotes of the Lyceum in its most distinguished days include one or two that the recent world would have voted "priceless," before that word got the axe in favour of "super." And Black's works also contain capital things: that harum-scarum medical student, "the Whaup," is a worthy not to be forgotten. He appears in "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," which Messrs. Collins have recently issued in a two-shilling edition. Another of Black's most successful stories, "In Silk Attire," is published at half-a-crown by Messrs. Jarrold in their Laurel Library.

To the list of books for Scotland may be added "The Scottish Macs: Their Derivation and Origin" (Gardner; 5s.), the most recent work of the Rev. James B. Johnston, a leading authority—perhaps

hardened reviewer a thrill of expectation as the old hand's work does not, for this may mean a new star peering above the horizon.

TO MANY SET YES

Among the first novels of the moment two ought to find a place on every library list. One is Miss Frida Sinclair's very promising study, "WHEN VALUES CHANGE" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). It is the old story of husband and wife at variance, but the handling is fresh and the characterisation keen. The situation, too, if not altogether new, has a new turn and is not "unpleasant." It is the story of a too aggressively affectionate wife whose very intensity of devotion alienates her husband. There appears, to be sure, the inevitable other woman, but she is not the first cause of the trouble. The plot is skilfully worked out, and Miss Sinclair has given proof of powers that should produce really fine work in time to come. By-the-bye, is this the fourth or fifth addition to the distinguished band of novelists

rejoicing in the name of

Sinclair?



THE LATEST CRAZE OF FASHIONABLE PARIS: DINNER IN THE STREET IN THE RUE DU MONT CENIS, OUTSIDE THE CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE.

As described on page 321, Parisian society's new diversion is to dine in the open air in the quiet squares and streets of Montmartre. Describing the particular spot here illustrated, M. Robert de Beauplan writes: "Let not the door of the little Church of St. Pierre, with its eighteenth-century Sulpician style, cause any illusion. It masks the oldest religious building in Paris. St. Bernard assisted at its consecration by Pope Eugene III. in 1147, and it may be that some pillars inside belonged to a Roman temple of Mars or Mercury." In the background rises the great modern Cathedral of the Sacré Cœur.

From the Drawing by René Marie Carstaing.

the leading authority—on "The Place Names of Scotland." His volume of that title should be on the shelves of all those who are interested in this fascinating subject. In the "Macs" he transfers his skill from places to persons, and makes a most interesting study. Those who wish to move among "the Macs with perfect knowledge and assurance will do well to read Mr. Johnston's informative little book. The learned and reverend author does not stand too exclusively on the memory of Bannockburn, and has found it perfectly consistent with his patriotism to write also an excellent book on "The Place Names of England and Wales."

First novels have all the interest of a first child, and they deserve, and usually receive, special consideration from the reviewer. Critics may be called a hard-hearted generation, but if their work was reckoned up fairly they would be acquitted of much wanton cruelty now laid at their door by embittered authors. There may be occasional cases of harsh dealing with the new-comer, but a rather long experience convinces me that the beginner in fiction is kind y treated. The mere fact that it is a beginner's singles the new book out for notice. It gives even the

The other first novel has an interest beyond its plot. It is the work of an eminent economist whose hobby has been the study of detective fiction, and who has tried his own hand at a murder story. Interest in crime as a side line to another profession is not new. Dr. Bell and Sir A. Conan Doyle are stock examples, and now Mr. G. H. D. Cole has relieved economic problems with one truly sensational and mysterious in "THE BROOKLYN MURDERS" (Collins; 7s. 6d.). Not content with one killing, Mr. Cole regales us with two, so extraordinary in their circumstances that for a moment it seems almost as if the victims must have murdered each other-which, on a consideration of place, is ab-

There is nothing absurd, however, in the ingenious and exciting solution of the mystery. As usual, the amateur detectives challenge the professional, but here they very nearly get arrested for refusing information to the police-a most refreshing situation.

Mr. Cole is to be congratulated on this pleasant relief from his labours as honorary secretary of the Labour Guilds Department and as a voluminous writer

on economical and industrial questions. He is a Balliol man and a former Fellow of Magdalen. His books (non-fictional) number at least a dozen, and he has also published poems. N.B. - The Brooklyn murders did not occur in New York, but in Piccadilly.

It has been remarked, and truly, that the really penetrating and diverting novel of county society would be written by a cottager. As yet this notable and much-to-be-desired work has not appeared, but Miss E. M. Delafield has come wonderfully near it in her latest story, "A REVERSION TO TYPE" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). Not that Miss Delafield is of the cottagepreposterous thought !--but she has shown county society as it appears to a lower-middle-class character in the story. This uneducated girl, Rose Smith, of pawnbroking ancestry, married into the proud house of the Aviolets, and, being widowed, was taken to live with them. The real crux of the story is the reversion to type of Rose's boy, but he interested me far less than Rose herself. She is the finest and most subtly wrought of Miss Delafield's creations, and the most fascinating and natural woman I have met in fiction for a good ten years.

A NEW PARISIAN DIVERSION: DINNER ON MONTMARTRE.

FROM THE DRAWINGS OF RENÉ MARIE CASTAING.



"IN ARISTOCRATIC SECLUSION, ON THE PLACE DU CALVAIRE, IS THE 'COUCOU'": FASHIONABLE TOURISTS ARRIVING IN THEIR CAR
TO DINE IN THE OPEN AIR OUTSIDE A RESTAURANT ON THE HILL OF MONTMARTRE.



WHILE "A PHILOSOPHER INDIFFERENTLY SMOKES HIS PIPE ON A BENCH, AND STREET MUSICIANS SING SENTIMENTAL BALLADS TO A GUITAR": EIGHT O'CLOCK DINNER IN THE PLACE DU TERTRE.

Paris has found a new amusement: to dine in the open air on top of the ridge of Montmartre, in the Place du Tertre. "At eight o'clock," writes M. Robert de Beauplan, "the little square fills with unexpected animation. From every side a strange public flows in—well-known Parisians, British and American tourists, some on foot, some by the Montmartre funicular, others in taxis or their own cars... Here are the Maison Catherine and the Restaurant du Tertre. In aristocratic seclusion, on the adjacent Place du Calvaire, is the 'Coucou.'... Such

is the latest Parisian craze, to go and dine, 'en plein air,' on the Butte. It is charming, too. Around you the life of the quarter goes on. A philosopher, indifferent, smokes his pipe on a bench; children run about; street musicians sing sentimental ballads to a guitar... Do these elegant diners suspect how all about them is rich in memories? On the very spot where their tables are laid, nine centuries ago, the monks of St. Martin-des-Champs established themselves, followed by the Benedictines. In 1793, forty-three abbesses succeeded them."



Each time one saw the Queen she was wearing a white coat and skirt, and usually a blue hat, sometimes pale-blue, sometimes dark. In the afternoons motor drives with Princess Victoria were the Queen's favourite pastime. General and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt were frequently ashore from their fine yacht Atlantic; and Miss Grace Vanderbilt, who is petite, fair, and very neat, proved herself a tennis enthusiast. One of her prettiest dresses was a white pleated thin serge skirt, with a coat in the longwaisted and deep-belted style of white on which was a raised pat-tern in cherry-red; and a natty little red hat was worn.

to the royal yacht in a pinnace.

WORLD OF WOMEN.

Victor Corkran; with them also was Miss Sybil

Corkran, who is her Royal Highness's guest at Carisbrooke. Later, Princess Victoria came into the Garden, erect and slender of figure, in a dark-blue

coat and skirt, and wearing a dark-blue felt hat; with her Royal Highness was Lady Constance Butler. The

Duke of Connaught also came into the Squadron for

a while, looking so spry and dapper and active that no one would give him more than sixty years. The Duke of Sutherland was ashore for a little while, but has been doing a lot of cruising in the smart motorboat he owns with the Earl of Birkenhead.

There were great crowds assembled to see the King

land for the annual dinner at the Squadron, and to give his Majesty a hearty cheer. Many of the ladies in the Garden were taken in to see the dinner-table, which was charming with silver yachting trophies and pink flowers. The Hon. Sir John and the Hon. Lady Ward

flowers. The Hon. Sir John and the Hon. Lady Ward were at Castle Rock, close to the Squadron. With them was their son, a fine lad, and they were all three most of their time afloat. Lady Ward looked very well in her several different yachting costumes—particularly, I thought, all in white with a rose-pink hat, which showed to advantage her pretty silver-white hair. The veteran sailor, Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle, was ashore over from Portsmouth several times. His son, Vice-Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, and Lady Fremantle were in the Garden: the sight of an Admiral father and an Admiral son together enjoying a social function is an unusual one.

A. E. L.

Senator G. Marconi was frequently ashore, coming in from the Elettra in a bonny little launch flying the Italian flag. With him were the Count and Countess di San Martino. The Countess, a very handsome woman, wore some pretty foulard figured dresses, but looked her best in a white serge

skirt, a coat embroidered in wool in warm tones, and a white hat. Prince George came ashore most days for tennis-playing, mostly at Nubia, where Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring were, after their hospitable wont, keeping open house for the week. The Marquise d'Hautpoul, an enthusiastic sailor, was frequently one of the King's party on the *Britannia* when racing; and the Countess of Shaftesbury was relieved from her wait by the Queen and sent out to enjoy a spin in the King's lovely cutter.

hoots. Its chief aim and object is to catch a glimpse of the King and the Queen, or, if not both, then one or other of our much beloved heads of Empire. In older days, one is told that Queen Victoria drove through West Cowes on Town Regatta Day; King Edward frequently sat with friends in the Squadron garden; and Queen Alexandra occasionally landed, usually at East Cowes. Her Majesty was much engaged in sea fishing and sailing during her short sojourn at Cowes. Now one can meet our King and Queen walking along where the people play themselves, at the new extension of the Green. The Queen drives about all over the island in a hired car, which, by the way, was half an hour late in arriving for the King and Queen when they went to Osborne. Someone had blundered, but their Majesties were not at all fussed, but sat laughing and talking in their pinnace until the car arrived.

THERE is an atmosphere about Cowes Week that is quite unique. In the little town, with its streets so narrow that motor-cars have to do quadrille-

like advances and retirements to pass each other, humanity surges, barely condescending to step up on

the narrow pavement at the sound of the warning

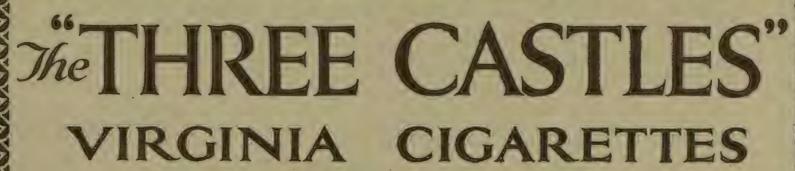
A contrast to the crowds of holiday-makers in the streets is the luxurious leisure of those privileged to use the charming garden of the Royal Yacht Squadron, with its pretty lawns, shady trees, and comfortable basket chairs. There is always a coming and going from the Squadron landing stage; an excellent string band plays afternoon and evening; and a delightful tea is provided every afternoon. Every now and again some member of the Royal Family lands and passes through, and there is great interest in watching the well-known people. Only American women observed mourning, and they, as a rule, wore white. Black seems all wrong for Cowes. The Queen was in white or grey, and of course those who visited their Majesties wore the conventional Court mourning. The American flag at the sterns of launches and yachts was lowered on the pole until after the funeral of the

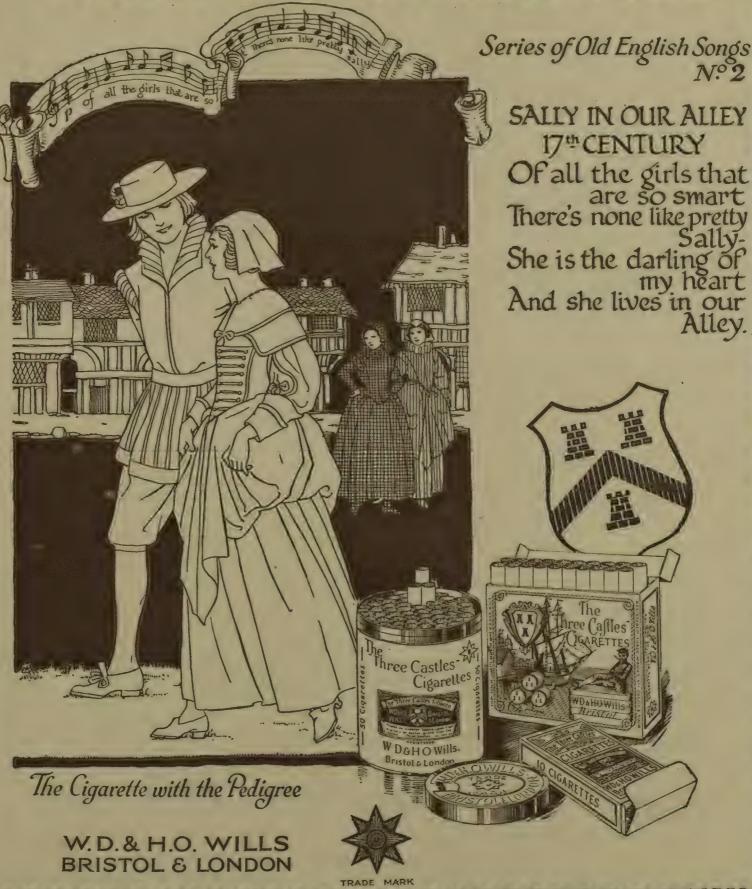
The Duke of Leeds was frequently about, ashore and affoat. The Earl of Normanton looked very happy with three blue-and-white serge clad daughters alert, bright, attractive-looking girls—and his fine young son, Lord Somerton. Another family party on board the Shemara were Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, their married daughter, Viscountess Carlton, Lady Joan Fitzwilliam and a younger sister, and the young only son of the house, Viscount Milton. Lady Fitz-william has apparently the secret of perennial youth, and looked, as she sat in church with her girls (wearing a pearl-white silk knitted lace-patterned dress with a crimson sash and a crimson hat) much more like their sister than their mother. Lady Fitzwilliam and her daughters spent most of their time afloat, but Lord Fitzwilliam paid many visits to the Squadron. Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley was very busy looking after things as Vice-Commodore the one day that the Commodore, the Duke of Leeds, was absent through

The Queen did not go racing on the Britannia, but watched the racing from the Victoria and Albert. On one morning her Majesty came ashore with the Duke of Connaught and did a little shopping, returning

Nothing could be in its way more beautiful than the view of the Solent on Tuesday, when there was a nice breeze and Cowes Roads were alive with the smaller racing craft, white-winged and red. Further away were the big racing craft, with their great white sails all full, stretching away on their longer courses; the formidable-looking battle-ship Barham, the Victoria and Albert, and torpedo-boats, with the steam, auxiliary motor, and motor-yachts lying crescent-shaped in the Roads, and every now and again a great liner passing up or down Channel in the distance. One marvelled at the skill with which the little yachts were sailed to save fouling in congested space and with a spanking breeze making them exceedingly lively. Princess Beatrice motored over one evening from Carisbrooke for tea in the Garden, dressed entirely in black, and at-tended by Miss Minnie Cochrane and Mr.

Just the thing for autumn days is the wool stockinette dress on the left; it is ornamented with embroidery. was sketched in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, and so was the knitted wool suit on the right.





VAVAVAVAVAVAVAVA

Fashions and Fancies.

The Latest in Woollies.

Seasons come and seasons go, and with them passing fashions, but woollies remain firmly planted in our midst. One would not uproot them even if one

Simply cut frocks of fine gabardine or the good friend serge are always appreciated by the schoolgerl.

could, for more useful sartorial appurtenances it would be impossible to discover. Some altogether charming variations are now sojourning at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W.1, and only a very stony - hearted daughter of Eve could resist the latest models in woolly frocks and suits for early autumn wear. An example of each is given pictorial expression on page 322. The frock is of fine wool stockinette—a medium which finds particular favour with this firm, because it lends itself very readily to good tailoring, and it is charmingly embroidered in Egyptian effect down the sides and sleeves, giving considerable originality to the ensemble. The sides are given a certain amount of fullness by cunningly inserted elastic, and the collar is becomingly finished off with coralcoloured wool. The coat and skirt is worked in a fancy pattern, and a new shade of fawn was used for the model illustrated. The skirt is of adequate width for walking; the

cardigan coat is all that a coat should be, beautifully tailored and really well cut; and the price of 7½ guineas for the two garments seems by no means exorbitant. Sports coats also receive every attention, and the two examples shown here give an idea of the variety obtainable. Both are in stockinette. One is of cardigan shape embroidered down the fronts and part of the sleeves with wool in a sort of darning stitch, and available either in self or contrasting colours. One in white stockinette darned in black was really most effective. The price of this model is 6½ guineas, one guinea more

being asked for the last but not least of our illustrated subjects-a model built on strict tailor-made lines, complete with revers collar and three pockets.



When they first begin, the **Preparations** summer holidays seem almost without end to the small people for Term Time. home from school, but the last few weeks slip by unnoticed, as if by magic. The beginning of the



A few accessories that are ever appreciated, by the school boy and girl.

autumn term always arrives before it is expected. Mothers who know the difficulty of purchasing equipment in a hurry, and the dissatisfaction that invariably results, should always prepare well in advance. Those whose children are leaving for school for the

first time this coming term will find that by far the best course is to leave the matter of equipment in the hands of a competent firm of children's outfitters. They have the regulation list of school clothing and accessories, while inexperienced choice is rarely successful. No one is more critical of the clothes of contemporaries than a child at school, and at the extremely sensitive age of the early 'teens ridicule of any kind is hard to bear. There are three golden rules in the selection of school clothes. The first is durability, for the hard wear to which children subject their garments is proverbial; the second is that they must be suitable to the age of the child; and the third is simplicity. On this page the artist has depicted various practical suggestions for end-of-holiday consideration.

For the Skin and Hair.

To a large number of women exposure to strong sunshine spells, not a deep, becoming tan, but

roughness and redness. Such a state of affairs is to be avoided at all costs. Rowland's Kalydor, the soothing toilet emollient which prevents and removes freckles and sunburn, is an ideal solution of the problem, for this splendid preparation, which can be supplied in 2s. 6d. and 5s. bottles by stores and chemists, as well as by the manufacturers, Rowland's, of 112, Guilford St., Gray's Inn Road, is warranted free from any lead or metallic ingredients, and is suitable to the most delicate skin. It is delightfully refreshing, and particularly valuable in allaying the irritation of insect stings. Another excellent speciality prepared by the same firm is Rowland's Macassar Oil for the hair. A short period of experiment will convince the most sceptical of its value, and it can be obtained from Rowland's, or leading stores, chemists, and hair-dressers, at from 3s. 6d. a bottle.



A blanket coat is a necessary item in every school equipment. Preference should be given to those that combine lightness with warmth.





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WORLD OF MUSIC. THE

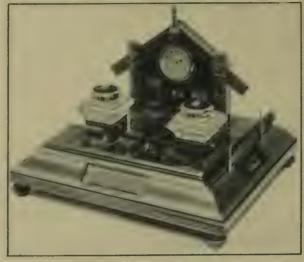
THE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL AT SALZBURG.

N spite of all difficulties, in spite of all prophecies of failure, the Salzburg Festival has none the less come to pass; and, although I write in the middle of it, enough has happened to show that it can be regarded as a definite success. During the last few months there has been so much misunderstanding in the Press of various countries on the subject of the International Society that the public could hardly have been blamed if they had stayed away altogether. To begin with, it was a matter of considerable difficulty to make people in any country understand the system on which the festival had been planned. Even those responsible for its actual organisation seem in some cases to have had a completely erroneous idea of what the International Council had agreed to carry out. The International Society for Contemporary Music was founded with the express purpose of furthering contemporary music of an advanced and pioneer type. Such music, obviously, is not to everybody's taste; but that is all the more reason for organising a society to promote its performance. The Salzburg Festival was intended to give an exhibition of contemporary music of these particular tendencies selected from various countries. The programmes were chosen by an international jury of distinguished musicians, no two of whom belonged to the same country. They were instructed, when they met to make their decisions, to regard both themselves and the music before them as being absolutely devoid of nationality. They were given the most complete liberty of choice, and were-free even to choose music which did not happen to have been sent in by the local sections.

No sooner had their selection been published to the world than there arose a general chorus of indignant protest. This universal dissatisfaction was, as a matter of fact, the best proof that the jury had executed their laborious task with admirable judgment. It never seemed to occur to any of those outside the actual leaders of the society that the four eminent musicians who met at Zurich deserved some gratitude for making the society a present of four days' highly skilled labour. Individual members of the jury were attacked in a not very honourable manner, and it was suggested in various quarters that the offended national sections would all withdraw from the society

Patriotism, said Dr. Johnson, is the last refuge of a scoundrel, meaning thereby, not that all patriots

were scoundrels, but that many scoundrels found patriotism a very convenient disguise. Patriotism is also the last refuge of second-rate musicians. The Salzburg programmes provided for six concerts, with an average of six works in each, all by different com-Since there are more than thirty-six composers in the world, one can understand that there was a widespread exhibition of wounded vanity, to which may be added the wounded vanity of performers who were not invited to take part in the concerts. This state of irritation threatened to be disastrous. It meant that many of the national



A WEDDING GIFT TO PRINCESS MARY WOMEN OF NEW ZEALAND: A BEAUTIFUL AND ORIGINAL INKSTAND TYPICAL OF THE DOMINION AND OF MAORI ART.

Many months of exquisite work went to the making of this unique souvenir of New Zealand, recently presented to Princess Mary by Lady Allen, wife of the High Commissioner, as a wedding gift from the women of the Dominion. The design was carried out in New Zealand greenstone, gold, and Puriri wood, by Mr. P. N. Denton, of Messrs. W. Littlejohn and Son, jewellers, of Wellington. The principal piece is a beautiful slab of mottled greenstone, and the back, containing a clock and a sliding calendar, represents a miniature front of a carved Maori house. In front of the ink-holders is a greenstone-and-gold pen resting on two small gold kiwis—birds typical of Maoriland. On the polished Puriri base is an inscribed gold plate.

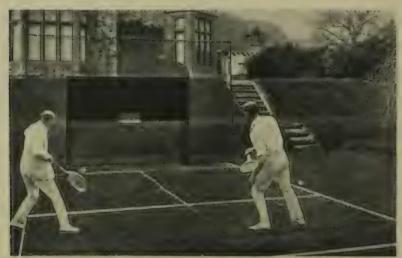
sections, instead of setting to work at once to find the performers for whom they were responsible, and the money with which to pay them, wasted precious

time in ineffectual protests of all kinds. Political events increased the financial difficulties of some of the poorer national sections

A week before the festival opened, everything seemed to be in hopeless confusion. The central office in London and the office at Vienna were daily receiving letters and telegrams to say that such-andsuch performers could not appear, and that it was hoped to get someone else to take their place if possible. It seemed as if half the programmes would have to be abandoned altogether for want of performers, and that, owing to inadequate advertising, such concerts as might take place would be given to an empty hall.

From the moment that the festival opened, a complete change took place. The first concert was on August 2, and most of the performers and their friends arrived the day before. There was the usual informal reception on the evening of August 1, and as soon as the musicians had the chance of meeting each other over a friendly glass, pessimism vanished for ever. If the German section could not bring together performers enough for the chamber or-chestra that it required, Frenchmen, Danes, and English at once undertook to join in friendly assistance. It was said that, owing to the abandonment of the Mozart Festival, Salzburg was very empty; that, owing to another series of concerts, the International Society would find itself deserted by the music-loving public; but when the players came on the platform to perform the first quartet, there was hardly an empty seat in the room. As the first three concerts have already been given to well-filled houses it is probable that the remainder will be equally successful.

The conference of international delegates began its meetings on August 4. Its proceedings are private, and it has to deal largely with questions of constitution and organisation which are of no particular interest to the outside public. But one decision of importance has been taken-namely, to hold another festival of modern chamber music at Salzburg in August 1924. There had been some idea of holding the festival in a different country each year; but it was felt that in the political and economic conditions of the moment it would be better to remain at Salzburg. Salzburg has the advantage of musical associations; it is one of the most attractive places in Europe, and for the purposes of the International Society it possesses the advantage of a building—the Mozarteum—which contains under one roof two concert-halls, a large rehearsal room (which also



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Noonday Play

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Cantinant

serves for the meetings of the conference), and a number of smaller rooms in which the artists performing at the festival can practise at their convenience.

The International Society has now established itself for good. It has acquired new blood since its initiation. More and more countries are joining it and starting new sections. What is most valuable of all is that in various countries the work of the society is being furthered by musicians of eminence who possess genuine enthusiasm and a sense of leadership. I may be permitted to name one who has recently come into the society and has at once made himself felt as an inspiring influence-M. Ernest Ansermet. We knew him in London as the conductor of the Russian Ballet; here at Salzburg we have discovered something more. He served on the jury, where his broad-mindedness, patience, and discrimination were of the greatest value. He is now with us at Salzburg, conducting one day, turning over for a pianist the next; helping younger and less experienced artists at their rehearsals, attending conference meetings and



MOTORING IN BEAUTIFUL MONMOUTHSHIRE: A 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER BESIDE THE USK NEAR CHAPEL FARM, MONMOUTH.

The new 40-50-h.p. six-cylinder Napier is now seen on the road in ever-growing numbers. Its distinctive appearance, silent running, and remarkable acceleration make it very popular.

contributing wise suggestions, smoothing out difficulties, and setting to all an example of far-sightedness, helpfulness, and serenity. EDWARD J. DENT.

(C) (S) (S)

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Traffic Signals.

A correspondent has raised an interesting point in connection with the code of traffic signals

recently recommended by the Home Office for adoption by police authorities. He makes the point

that whereas, until the new signals came into use, a driver approaching a policeman on point duty simply carried on unless he was signalled to stop, now he must stop unless he is signalled to go on. This is something new to me, and I think my correspondent is wrong in the construction he places upon the new instructions to the police. I do as much driving in London as most people, and I have not altered my methods at all. Unless the pointsman specifically signals me to stop, I

proceed on my way, and, so far at least, I have not been called to account for so doing. I cannot conceive that the police, in London at any rate, would be so stupid—for it would be nothing less—as to complicate the traf-

fic problem by introducing such an element of uncertainty into its regulation. Imagine the chaos that would ensue at any one of a dozen wellknown points of congestion if every driver stopped until he was told he could go on. The existing method of regarding the road as clear until it is signalled as stopped is far and away the best, and I imagine the London police know it and will keep to it. What may happen in some provincial cities, where the system of regulation of traffic is something fearful and wonderful to the stranger, is another matter.

The Camber of Roads. Will the Ministry of Transport lay down a ruling as to the camber of roads to be constructed by the aid of

grants from the Road Fund? This is a matter which ought not to be left to the individual taste and ideas of the local road surveyor. Certain of these officials have peculiar views of what constitutes a proper camber to the road-surface. Where it is steep the road is worn out in a very short while, because the contour of the surface practically compels vehicles to



AT THE GATES OF MENTMORE PARK: ONE OF THE NEW WOLSELEY "FOURTEENS."

keep to the crown of the road, except when passing other traffic. Furthermore, driving is made more difficult, and in the case of heavy vehicles even dangerous, where the camber is excessive. The main roads in the Ascot district, to quote only one case in point, are a good example of camber carried to excess. Of course, the sides of the roads must be graded to carry off water; but there must be a mean somewhere, and it would be he well if the central authority—for the Ministry of Transport has arrogated that position to itself—would say what it is and insist upon its being observed where Road Fund moneys are concerned in construction or improvement.

Front-Wheel Brakes.

I gather that the next Motor Show will demonstrate that the British car manufacturer has not been

blind to what has been going on in other countries, and that many new models will be found equipped with brakes on all four wheels. We are two years behind the



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Despite its rugged construction it has an amazing flow of power and absolutely laughs at hills.

It runs at 3 to 60 miles per hour in top gear and every refinement which could add to the comfort of the owner-driver has been included. Each car carries the most comprehensive spare parts and tool kit ever issued with a car.

The Seven-seater Interior-drive Saloon, illustrated, has superb coachwork, and the interior upholstery is positively sumptuous. The driver's seat may, when desired, be completely cut off from the rest of the car by means of a sliding glass panel.

May we send you full particulars of this and other Steyr Models?

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Miss Phyllis Monkman's remarkable endorse-ment of the wonderful soothing and healing effects of Oxygenated water. Explains why good dancers never have bad feet.

Without oxygen, even life itself could not exist, and the science of medicine has perfected many uses for its wonderful refreshing, healing and antiseptic properties. When sore, tender feet burn, smart, swell



and perspire, or when the arches tire and ache so every step means such pain that you fear fallen arches, just try resting the feet for a few minutes in the neglicated and

feet for a few minutes in the medicated and oxygenated water produced by adding a handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates compound to a foot bath. See how quickly this cools and refreshes tender skin, while it draws all the pain and soreness out of aching muscles or sensitive joints. The real and lasting foot comfort is so gratifying, that no one can fully appreciate such amazing effects until they are actually felt. The feet will soon be rendered so strong and healthy that they prove capable of bearing any reasonable strain ever likely to be placed upon them.

reasonable strain ever likely to be placed upon thein.

Miss Phyllis Monkman, the popular Musical Comedy Actress and talented Dancer, writes:

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Continent in this movement-and a good thing too. It is a source of some satisfaction to those who, like myself, have followed the development of the British car and the British motor industry for a great many years, to observe that we do not immediately rush to follow where France and Italy lead. As a matter of fact, in this case we can leave Italy out, because I have not noticed that the Italian designers have made any more haste than our own to adopt the four-wheel braking system. They, like the British designers, have been content to wart upon developments, and even now are not too keen upon making the innovation.

Personally, I think the system is good if it is properly applied; but there is a great deal more in it than the mere fitting of a pair of brake-drums and the necessary mechanism to the front wheels. All sorts of problems are involved -problems which can really only be solved by the process of trial and error. Until they are solved, we should be very foolish to rush after a system merely for fashion's sake. Another point that appeals to me is that a properly designed braking system, operating on the rear wheels only, is 'perfectly satisfactory when speeds are moderate. All-wheel braking is better, admittedly, but you cannot have it for nothing. As soon, as greater outputs and improved methods of production have enabled manufacturers to get prices down, along comes a new fashion to hoist them up again. There is no finality about anything.

A Bit of a Puzzle.

A member of the R.A.C. had his car damaged in a collision. He made application to the insurance

company, who instructed the repairers to do whatever was necessary to it. The latter proceeded with the work, and ultimately delivered the car and sent in their account to the insurance company. Meanwhile, the company had gone into liquidation, and the repairers were asked to prove the debt. They in turn came upon the owner of the car, who repudiates liability. The R.A.C. legal department is asked to solve the puzzle.

Everyone should possess themselves, without delay, of a copy of that delightful illustrated book-'Holiday Suggestions," published by the London and North-Eastern Railway, and obtainable free of charge from the passenger manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2, or from any of the company's inquiry offices. It contains a large number of full-page photographs of many of the seaside and neighbouring inland towns on that widespread, healthy district, the

East Coast of England; and the other attractions are set forth clearly and concisely. Further interesting pamphlets for which no charge is made include "Golf," a list of the golf-links served by the railway; "Cheap Travel Facilities," "Lodging and Hotels Guide"; and the "Holidays" series of illustrated booklets.

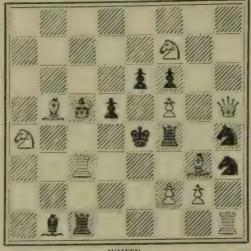
CHESS.

To Correspondents.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Ches Editor, 15, Loss Street, Strand, W.C.2.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3907 and 3908 received from H F Marker (Porbandar, India); of No. 3910 from E M Vicars (Norfolk), A B Duthie Greenocki, L W Cafferata (Newark), M Trucharte (Denia, Spain, Rev. W Sectt, Elgis, H Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), Henry Knope (Norway), W E Harrison (Leeds), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), A Edmeston (Warsley) and C H Watson (Masham).

OKRELT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3911 restived from P Cooper (Clapham), F J Fallwell (Caterham), R P Nicholson (Crayke), C A P, I. G. B Barlow Bournementh), Rev. W Scott (Elzin), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), H Burgess (St. Leonard's on Sea), Rev. J Christie (Heathfield), W Rayer Harmar, F Wallis (Sherborne), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), A B Duthie (Greenock), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Colham), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), H W Satow (Banger), L W Cafferata (Newark), C H Watton (Mishem), J J Dackworth (Newton-le-Willows), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), M McIntyre (Camberwell) "Senex," and M Trucharte (Spain).

PROBLEM No. 3912.—By H. GUNNING. BLACK.



WHITE.

Solution of Problem No. 3910.—By Mrs. W. J. Baird. WHITE

1. Kt to B 4th
2. R to B 5th (ch)
3. Kt to K 4th, mate.

If Black play 2. ——, K takes Kt (B 6th); 3. R to B 5th, mate.

And if 2. ——, K to Q 5th; then 3. Kt to K 6th, mate.

CHESS IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament at Pistyan between Messrs GRUNFELD and RETI, and awarded the special

The sacrificed piece is tow too gained, with the advantage of a hopelessly compromised position for White.

P to K and P to K and P to K and Q to K and Castles

The sacrificed piece is tow too gained, with the advantage of a hopelessly compromised position for White.

22 K to K B 5th B to K 4th

23 R takes Kt

Forced. O. 40

There does not seem time for his sort of strategy against an agressive opponent. Castling at

3. Kt to K B 3rd B to K B 4th
4. Kt to B 3rd P to Q 3rd
5. P to K Kt 3rd P to Q B 3rd
6. B to Kt 2rd Q to Q B sq

Black has already secured more freedom than is usual in this opening, and he now delays White's development by threatening if 7. Castles, B to R 6th.

7. P to K R 3rd Q Kt to Q 5rd

16. Kt to Q sq Kt takes Q P A rectity and senute sendered effective mainly by White's neglect to castle in the earlier stages of the game.

17. P takes Kt Kt to Q 6th (ch)
18. Kt to Q 2rd
19. Q to B 3rd
19. Kt to K sq
10. Kt to Q sq
10. Kt to C sq
10. Kt to Q sq
10. Kt to C sq
10. Kt to Q sq
10. Kt to C sq
10. Kt to C sq
10. Kt to C sq
11. Kt to Q sq
12. Kt to K sq
12. Kt to C sq
13. Kt to K sq
14. Kt to B 3rd
15. Kt to Q sq
16. Kt to Q sq
17. P takes Kt Kt to Q 6th (ch)
18. Kt Q 2rd
19. Q to B 3rd
19. Kt to K B 3rd
19. Q to B 3rd
19. Kt to K B 3rd
19. Q to B 3rd
19. Kt to K B 3rd
19. Q to B 3rd
19. Q t

A clever exhibition of minor piece tactes, and well deserving the special distinction awarded it.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. J. W. Abbott, who edited this column for the past twenty-five wears, and who was almost the solitary surviving representative of the great days of English chess, when London drew to its centre the leading masters of all countries. It was in the late 'fifties of the last century that he first turned his attention to the game; but though associated with most of the foremost players of the day, it was the art of problem construction that fascinated his attention, and he rapidly became one of the most fertile and typical of British composers. He was the intimate friend of such men as Staunton, Lowenthal, Wormald, Campbell, and Healey and the hospitable host of many others, concerning all of whom he laid a fund of reminiscences and anecdotes which vividly portrayed their personalities and characteristics to a generation to whom they were little more than the shadow of a name. He was always ready with advice and help to encourage beginners, and his wide knowledge of the game, both in its practice and its theory, was at the service of every inquirer. He was, in short, a kind-hearted, genial Englishman, who in the fullness of his years has entered into his quiet rest.

The International Chess Congress held in Czecho-Slovakia during July resulted as follows: E. Lasker, 1; Reti, 2; and Grunfeld, 3. The reappearance of the ex-champion was a feature of the tournament; but the list of opposing competitors was not remarkable for its strength.

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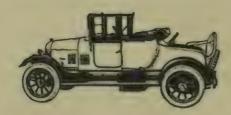
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Wallsall, 17/5/23. "The reason I am writing you is because I have had such splendid service from a similar tyre which you retreaded for me 18 months ago. This tyre has since done 6,000 miles and seems still good for another 2,000. It is fitted to the front wheel, and before fitting I could not get a tyre to stand for more than 2,000 miles. It would seem as if a retread is better than a new cover.

"Yours truly, ---."

Broadstairs, Kent, 2/12/22.
"I have had tyres both for this motor cycle and for the car retreaded by you for some years, and am quite pleased with them all; In fact, I think your retreads wear longer than the original tyres do.

"Yours truly, -

Totnes, 28/12/22. "The last cover you retreaded for us has given really good service, and has seen three new covers

"Yours truly. ---

Woking, 10/6/22.
"I am sending two covers for your inspection for retreading. The cover you retreaded for me last autumn is still good after 3,000 which is considerably more mileage than the cover did when new.

Bucks, 14/8/22.
"We may say that our customer is highly pleased with the retread fitted to — M.C. cover. It has already done more mileage than the original tread which wore down to the fabric. the fabric. Thanking you and hoping to do further business. "Yours truly, ---."

Devon, 24/6/22. Devon, 24/6/22.

"I may say I have three of your Almagam Retreads in use, recently put through the Wessex Garage, the 3rd just returned. The other 2 (30/3) on the front wheels of my Ford have now gone about 5-6,000 and the pattern is just wearing down. I am always so satisfied with your work that I prefer your retreads to new covers. Lintend to try your new covers. I intend to try your own covers next time I require one, but I find retreading puts off the evil day almost indefinitely.

"Yours truly,—."

Weybridge, 21/8/22. "About two years ago you retreaded two 30 x 3 covers for me which lasted better than an average new

"Yours truly, ---."

Northumberland, 1/11/22. "May I add that the satisfaction derived from your retreads has surpassed the most sanguine antici-pation; they actually last longer than a new tyre.

"Yours truly, -..."

Ayrshire, 4/5/22.
"I am posting to-day an auto-wheel tyre, which I would like you to retread. I had one done by you before and it lasted very well—indexd." deed, longer than the original tread

"Yours truly, ---.

The retreading of a tyre is much more of an art than the making of a new tyre, and most firms who make a new tyre have no idea how to retread one, because it is not a question only of putting a piece of rubber over the top of an old tread as a good many of them think, and do. The cord part of a tyre has to be overhauled and made good, and this is the secret of our success.

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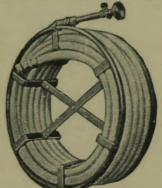
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Croydon, Surrey, May 25, 1923. "Pleased to inform you the three Almagam Retreaded Covers fitted to my Harley-Davidson Combination stood the gruelling test in the London-Edinburgh Trial, won Gold, no trouble whatever.

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London, E.C. 3, 6/6/22.

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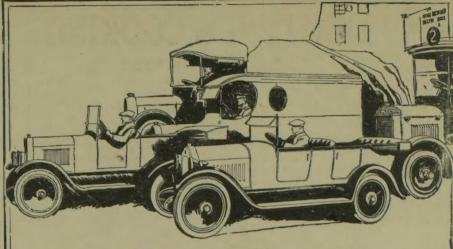
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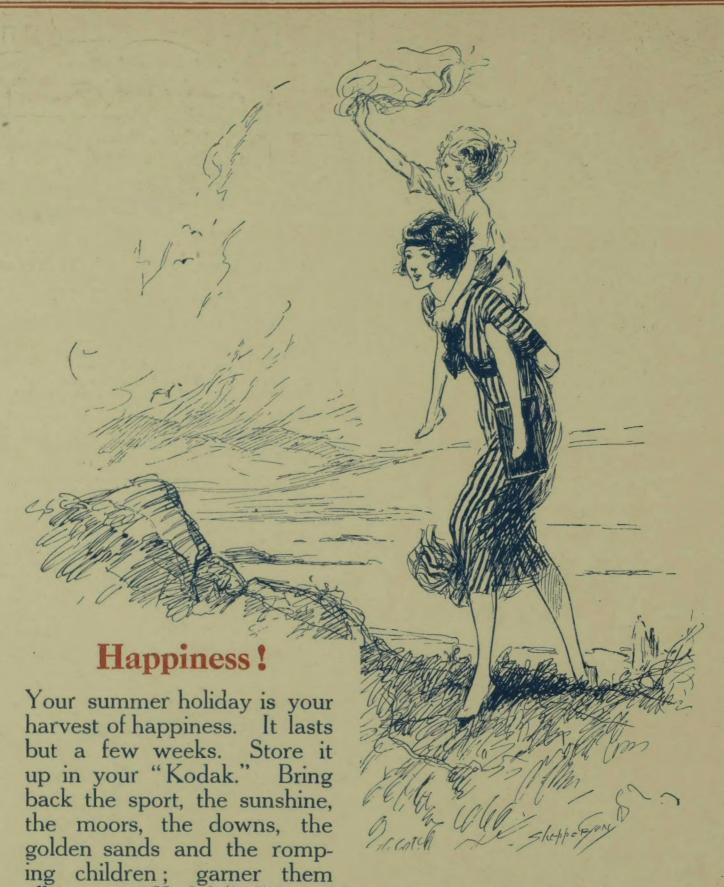


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